

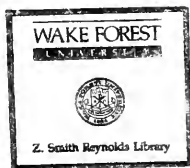
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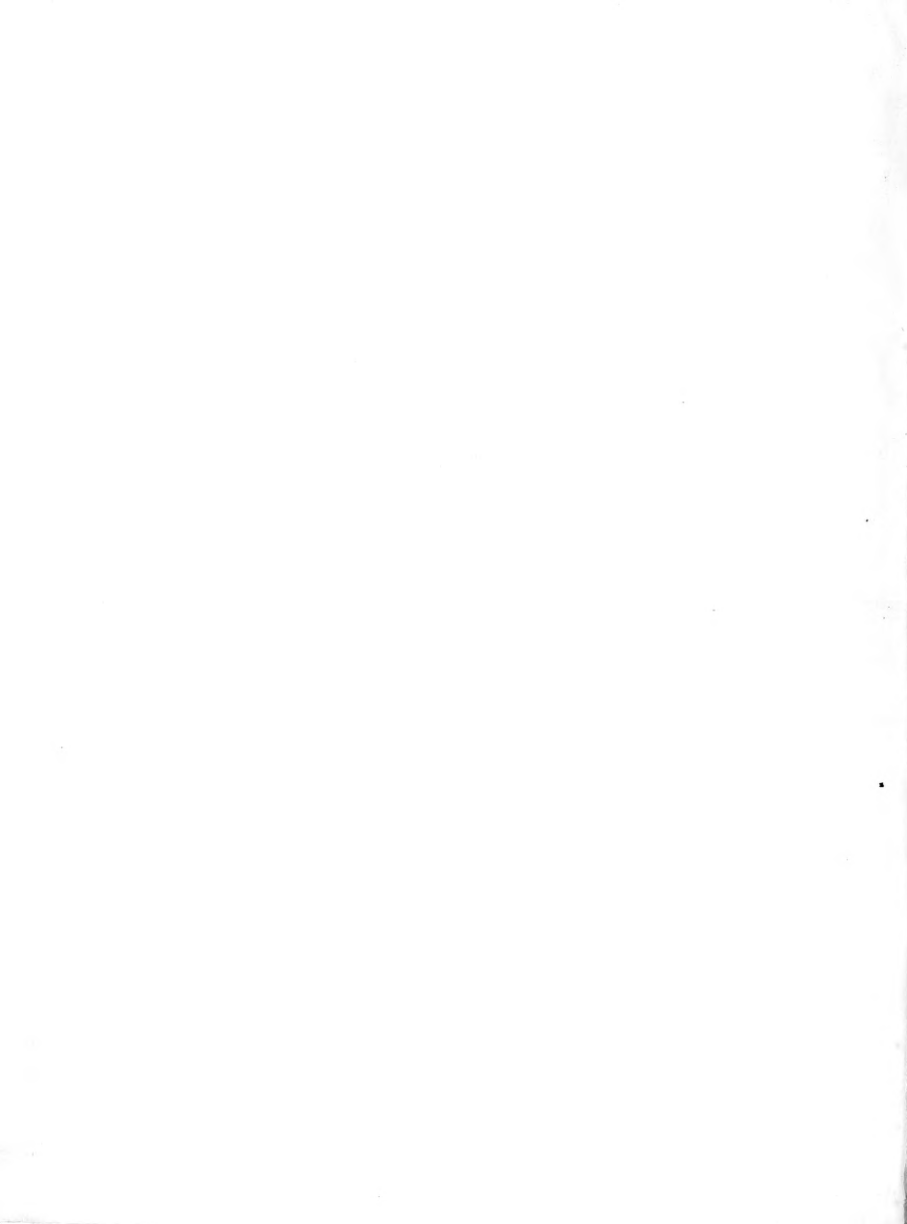
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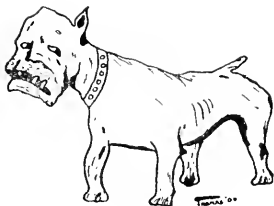


THE HOWLER

VOLUME V

MDCCCCVII

Published Annually by the
PHILOMATHESIAN AND EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



Dedication



TO

MAJOR JOHN M. CRENSHAW,

THE FIRST STUDENT TO

REGISTER AT THE OPENING OF THE COLLEGE IN 1834,

WHOSE UNFAILING GENEROSITY AND

CONSTANT SOLICITUDE FOR ITS WELFARE HAVE MEANT

SO MUCH TO WAKE FOREST,

THE EDITORS BEG TO DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

AS A SMALL TOKEN OF THEIR

APPRECIATION



MAJOR JOHN M. CRENSHAW.

College Calendar



For Session 1906-1907

- August 29—Beginning of the Session.
September 15—Applications for degrees submitted.
October 3—Subjects of Senior and Junior Theses submitted.
December 6—Senior Speaking.
December 13-21—Fall Term Examinations.
December 21-31—Christmas Holidays.
January 1—Beginning of Spring Term.
February 15—Anniversary Celebration of Literary Societies.
March 14—Senior Speaking.
April 10—Last day for removal of conditions by applicants for degrees.
Easter Monday—Holiday.
May 1—Senior and Junior Theses submitted.
May 13-22—Spring Term Examinations.
May 22-24—Commencement:
 Wednesday, 10 a. m.—Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees;
 8:30 p. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon.
 Thursday, 11 a. m.—Address before the Literary Societies; 8:30
 p. m.—Address before the Alumni.
 Friday, Commencement Day, 11 a. m.—Addresses by representa-
 tives of the Graduating Class and Closing Exercises of the Session.

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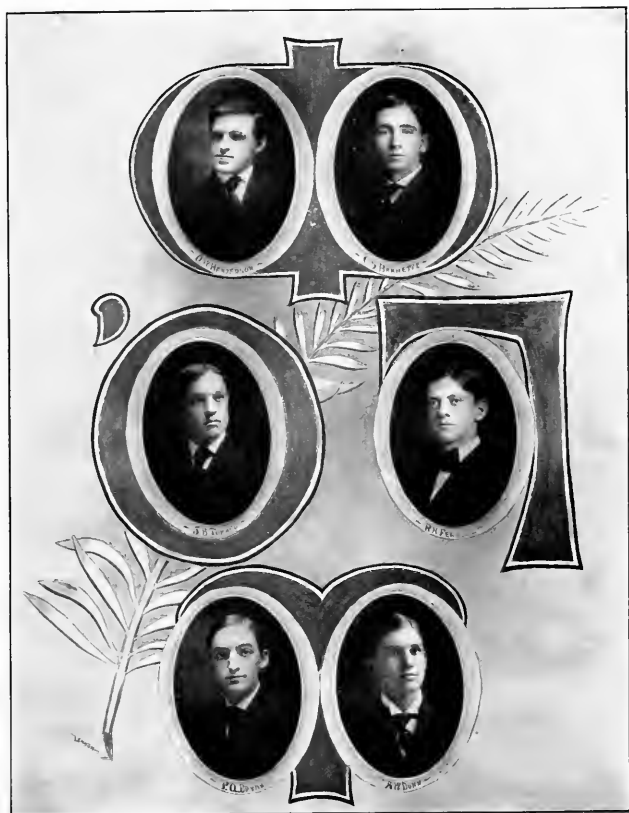


PROF. DARIUS EATMAN,
Our Faculty Editor.

Greeting

*We lay before you the results of
our labor with an humble bow,
with the sincere wish that you may
enjoy its perusal more than we
have its preparation.*





The Faculty



WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D., *President, Professor of Biology.*

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, B.Lit., D.D., LL.D., *Professor of Moral Philosophy.*

WILLIAM B. ROYALL, M.A., D.D., *Professor of Greek Language and Literature.*

LUTHER R. MILLS, M.A., *Professor of Pure Mathematics.*

BENJAMIN F. SLEDD, M.A., Litt.D., *Professor of English Language and Literature.*

CHARLES E. BREWER, M.A., Ph.D., *Professor of Chemistry.*

JOHN F. LANNEAU, M.A., *Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy.*

JOHN B. CARLYLE, M.A., *Professor of Latin Language and Literature.*

NEEDHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A., B.L., *Professor of Latin.*

J. HENDREN GORRELL, M. A., Ph.D., *Professor of Modern Languages.*

E. WALTER SIKES, M.A., Ph.D., *Professor of Political Science.*

JAMES L. LAKE, M.A., *Professor of Physics.*

WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D., *Professor of the Bible.*

DR. WATSON S. RANKIN, *Professor of Medicine.*

DR. LEWIS M. GAINES, *Professor of Medicine.*

DARIUS EATMAN, M.A., *Professor of Education.*

GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B.A., Ph.D., *Associate Professor of Latin and Greek.*

EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, JR., B.A., B.L., *Associate Professor of Latin.*

WILLIAM L. VAUGHAN, M.A., *Assistant Professor of English.*

J. RICHARD CROZIER, *Director of Physical Culture.*

J. DUNBAR IVES, M.A., *Instructor in Biology.*

HUBERT M. POTEAT, B.A., *Instructor in Latin.*

ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, B.A., *Instructor in Mathematics.*

THOMAS B. CALDWELL, *Instructor in Chemistry.*

“O, Alma Mater.”



Time—“ Maryland, My Maryland.

O, Alma Mater, 'tis thy name
That lights our path to glory;
We'll ever spread thy matchless name
In word and song and story,
So sound her name through all the land,
Let triumphs ring on every hand,
Let praises all our hearts command,
Hail, hail to thee, Wake Forest!

And with true hearts we greet the hour
That calls us to our duty;
We trust our Alma Mater's power
To round our lives with leauty,
And all the while our hearts are free,
Our souls are full of jollity,
And singing in their joy and glee,
Hail, hail to thee, Wake Forest!

Her sturdy sons from far and near
Look back to Alma Mater,
With many a prayer, but ne'er a fear,
They bless their Alma Mater;
And as they rise from height to height
And stand as victors in the fight,
They sing the mother of their might;
Hail, hail to thee, Wake Forest!



OUR PRESIDENT.

The Classes

SENIOR



Senior Class

Officers

JESSE GARDNER	President.
THOMAS BELTON CALDWELL	Vice-President.
THOMAS HERMON BEVERLY	Secretary.
RUFUS BRACKIN PEARSON	Treasurer.
OSCAR RAY MANGUM	Historian.
WOODBERRY LENNON	Poet.
OSCAR JENNINGS SIKES	Prophet.
JAMES BAXTER TURNER	Orator.



JOHN EDWARD ALLEN, B.A.,
Warrenton, N. C.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Chief Marshal Anniversary, '97.

Though three years yield to him both a B.A. and M.A., he is not marked with a Platonian brow, but with a remarkable pace, peculiarly his own, and the "pet" name "Teddy." As graceful as a giraffe and as agile as an elephant, but "Ted" is, notwithstanding, kind-hearted and generous.



BRYAN SPIVEY BAZEMORE, B.A.,
Windsor, N. C.

"And of his part as meke as is a mayde."

"Baze" is a shy and retiring youth of modest demeanor and studious habits. He has improved considerably in four years, and is now worthy to be called a son of his Alma Mater. Some do say he is a prodigy, but it is only because they can't see how he carries so much knowledge in so little a head.

THOMAS HERMON BEVERLY, B.A.,
Lumberton, N. C.

"Great of heart, magnanimous, countly and courageous."

Base-ball, '06; Basket-ball, '06, '07; Honor Committee, '06; Librarian, '06, '07; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A., '06; Class Secretary, '07; Pres. Anniversary Debate, '07; Commencement Speaker.

Men may come and men may go, but long will it be before we shall see another so shrewd as he, when the "Newish" begin to come. He came not "to save the State," but rather to save Robeson, for he promises to return and carry with him the light which accompanies a thorough knowledge of the law. Having made himself felt both in the field and the forum, we can say, "thou hast run well thy course."





JOHN BERT BRIDGES, B.A.,
Ellenboro, N. C.

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

His career has been peaceful, quiet, and uneventful. He has never aspired to but two things: Chief Marshall for Anniversary and Silent Partner in the firm Lassiter & Co. May his modesty be a candle to his merit.

GURNEY VENTON BROWN, B.A.,
Ahoskie, N. C.

"Thou art as long and lank and lean
As are the rock-ribbed sands."

Gurney seeks but to serve his State in the capacity of an humble farmer, and even now it seems we can catch the faint echoes of his morning song as he goes forth to his work. With 6 feet 2 inches to his credit he bears the distinction of being the longest man in his class, and tho' not a member of the Glee Club, still his melodious voice has not passed by unnoticed.





DENNIS GARFIELD BRUMMITT, B.L.,
Oxford, N. C.

"O man! where did'st thou obtain this learning?"

Here we have a man of many sides. He has spent seven years of his life in a school-room, but realizing that there is neither fame nor wealth in the capacity of a rural tutor, he decides to follow the profession of law. And as the result of this decision he is to-day the proud possessor of a B.L. degree and a license from the Supreme Court of North Carolina to "spiel" to the jury and write deeds for a livelihood.

JULIAN WILBUR BUNN, B.L.,
Wakefield, N. C.

"O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world!"

Vice-President Law Class, '07.

'Tis his earnestness that does make the law seem other than it is. "Big Un," though strong and healthy, with broad "Atlantean shoulders," has fallen sick of a malady, and unless the stern realities of life's battle do work mighty changes his first case will not be at the Bar, but at Cupid's sacred altar.





THOMAS BELTON CALDWELL, B.A.,
Campbell, S. C.

'Youth comes but once in a life time.'

Assistant in Chemistry, '06-'07; Vice-President Senior Class.

"Tom" is verily one of the boys, and is always willing and ready to lend his support and endorsement to any movement which tends to make invalid the "Vagrant Law." A genuine "Sand-Lapper," and the way he praises his State is a caution. Tom has the rare distinction of being the youngest member of his class.

SINCLAIR BELL CONLEY, B.A.,
Burnsville, N. C.

" 'Tis much he dares :
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety."

Nothing short of diligence, ambition, and ability could have changed his colors to the blue and gray. His clear-cut features and bright eyes are the index to a strong character, and we feel confident that some day he will be a strong arm of the ministry.





EDWIN WALTER COOKE, B.A.,
Louisburg, N. C.

"My lady's waiting maid"

Art Editor of "Howler," '04, '05.

An aristocrat of purest blood; one who does not under-estimate his value, and who is "Mr. Edwin Cooke, North Carolina," so please your grace. Has much talent as an artist, and his favorite occupation is drawing beautiful women.

ARTHUR LLOYD FLETCHER, B.A.,
Jefferson, N. C.

"For rhetoric he could not ope
 His mouth but out there flew a trope."

Second Debater Anniversary, '03; Alternate in Richmond Debate, '03; Junior Medal, '04; Howler Editor, '04; elected Editor-in-Chief of Student, '04; chosen Richmond Debater, '04.

"Fletch" comes very near being an ideal college student. Alert to his surroundings, he always takes part in the fun and mischief of college life, which is unfortunately one of the reasons for his checkered career while here. He is a man of the "Big Stick" order when it comes to English or speaking; but the most complimentary thing that can be said of him is that he has bowed to Cupid's yoke and taken unto himself a wife.





RALPH HARRIS FERRELL, B.A.,
Raleigh, N. C.

Whose mighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.

Vice-President Freshman Class; Winner of Freshman Medal; Business Manager of Glee Club, '07; Senior Editor of Howler, '07; Senior Speaker.

An orator, forsooth, whose dignified bearing when walking gracefully down the aisle makes him a man of mark. A speaker of renown and a ladiesman as well, for "Brother Ralph" is not an unknown visitor at B. U. W. Ralph goes forth into the world as a worthy representative of '07, with the good wishes of all the class.

RUFUS FORD, M.A.,
Marion, S. C.

Ye gods: annihilate time and space and make two
lovers happy."

Senior Speaker '06; Assistant in Chemistry, '06-'07.

Rufus hails from the "Land of Palmettoes," and after a stay of four years among us still remains loyal and true to his native State. Possessed of a bright mind and the knack of making friends, his Alma Mater will watch his career with interest. Rufus leaves College with regret, for his actions tell us in no mistaken way that he is very much attached to the town.





**JESSE GARDNER, B.A.,
Churchill, N. C.**

"Nature did compose thee of the choicest parts,
Using in the process all her arts."

Class Treasurer, '04; Commencement Marshal, '05; Historian, '05; Howler Editor, '06; Class Secretary, '06; Chief Marshal Mercer Debate, '06; Librarian, '07; Business Manager Weekly, '07; Class President, '07.

When "Jess" linked his destiny with the '07ers, he declared he would not forsake the companionship of his books ten minutes, save to eat and sleep. But now, since he has become a man, and learned how to hold aloft his scholarship without the waste of so much mental energy, he walks around in the role of a lordly Senior, respected and trusted by all.

**JOHN ROBERT GREENE, B.A.,
Letitia, N. C.**

"No beauty he, but oft we find
Sweet kernels 'neath a roughish rind"

Senior Speaker.

In this man there is much that is commendable, and imitable. No matter what may be his condition, he is ever of the same temper. He makes few pretensions but has deep convictions and tries to live up to them. Equally good is he as a student and as a speaker.





FULLER BROUGHTON HAMRICK, B.A.,
Shelby, N. C.

"A man whose not afraid to say his say
 Though a whole town's against him."

"Filly," "Bolus," or "Filly-Bolus," as he is known in the different circles of the College, commands a field of wide reputation. As a concocter of various schemes, he is Lord Proprietor of the Realm, and his ability as a business man was first manifested when he became Assistant Business Manager of the Weekly. Since then he has served the Ellis Hotel as its Business Manager. Filly is kind-hearted, and very generous—in other words, he is "a chip off the old block."

THOMAS NORMAN HAYES, B.A.
Purlear, N. C.

"The noblest Roman of them all."

Winner Junior Orator's Medal, '06; Associate Editor Student, '06 and '07; Honor Committee, '06 and '07; First Debater Anniversary, '07; Librarian, '05-'07; Commencement Speaker.

"Tom" is a hard student, modest in behaviour, reserved in manners, and careful to offend none. As a speaker he has few equals. He has won many friends during his college career, and here's hoping that his one ambition to become a country school teacher may be realized.





**JOHN BURDER HIGGS, B.A.,
Spring Creek, N. C.**

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Junior Medal, '06; Senior Speaker.

In all things he does well his part. He is a man of principle and integrity. True to the memories of old Mars Hill, for often does he declare her to be "the most scintillating jewel which adorns the western hills."

**SADIE JUNIUS HUSKETH, B.A.,
Redwood, N. C.**

"I have no delight to pass the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun"

Surely he will be chief of persistent "leggers" as long as his name shall live in the annals of college history. This he would not have us publish, but to history we are indebted and to history it goes. He has a very knowing air, but this we attribute to his constant association with the professors after the class is dismissed. Notwithstanding his eccentricities, he is a man who is ever at duty's post.





WILLIAM OTIS JOHNSON, B.A.,
St. Paul's, N. C.

Me thinks there is much reasoning in his sayings."

Associate Editor *Howler*, '06; Poet Law Class, '06; Senior Speaker.

"Reddy" is what you might term "sui generis." An impassioned orator, he has the power to lull you to sleep. As a joker and wit producer, he is unsurpassed; and when an opportunity comes to display his declaiming faculties, he invariably spouts, "Spartacus to the Gladiators." "Hold Robeson and save the State" has been his motto throughout his college course.

VALLE JOYNER, B.A.,
Woodland, N. C.

"There goes the parson, Oh ' illustrious spark."

As he stands with knitted brow and looks far out into the unknown future, he reluctantly relinquishes his hold upon his old friend "Psy," and his fond anticipation of becoming the College parson. However, he deserves much credit for the work he is doing, and in traveling his course he has not failed to make friends.





WOODBERRY LENNON, B.A.,
Lumberton, N. C.

"I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

Glee Club, '03-'07; Secretary Junior Class, '06; Poet Law Class, '07; Poet Senior Class; Art Editor Howler, '06, '07; Director Band, '06-'07; Senior Speaker.

"Woody" hails from the State of Robeson and derives supreme enjoyment in relating incidents which took place "down home." Sometimes he gets to talking so fast that even he himself can't keep up with it. Always kind and generous, he has won a host of friends during his stay at College, who predict for him a bright career as a legal adviser.

CHARLES ALEXANDER LEONARD, B.A.,
Statesville, N. C.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

Glee Club, '04, '05; Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A., '05; Associate Editor Student, '06; Essay Medal, '06.

Though to fame and fortune he may be yet unknown, he will be known as one who keeps on the "Sunny Side of Life." Morning, noon and night he greets you with a smile. Cultivates assiduously the Faculty, for Charlie is our College newspaper reporter, and grabs all the news in sight.





**OSCAR RAY MANGUM, B.A.,
Durham, N. C.**

"As knowing a man never went on two legs."

Marshal Wake Forest-Mercer Debate, '05; Historian Junior Class; Winner Fiction Medal, '06; Editor Student, '07; Historian of Class, '07; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '07; Editor-in-Chief Weekly, '07; Commencement Speaker.

If it is a ladiesman you are after, here is your man. Tender-hearted and quick to love, he looks upon woman as God's noblest creation. "Opal Ruby" is well versed in the holy writ, and gives promise of some day being an important personage in ecclesiastical circles. May he wear the togs of a clergyman with dignity and be guided always by the good hand of fortune.

**JOHN ROBERTSON McLENDON, B.A.,
Matthews, N. C.**

"On his bold visage middle age
Hath lightly pressed its signet sage."

Senior Speaker.

Man climbs no higher than he aspires. This man aspired to the honor of Senior Speaker, and he is indeed a Senior Speaker. He is quiet in manner and molests no one, unless it be those who disturb his meditations.





**CORAN CHIVERS McSWAIN, B.A.,
Laffimore, N. C.**

"Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of silence and slow time"

Here is a man whose presence is never known save when some stringent obligation is to be met which draws him from the secret silence of his room. Never has he been known to utter a remark in a crowd. 'Tis no longer strange, then, that he glides with such swiftness from his habitation to his meals with head hung and eyes fixed upon terra firma.

**EARNEST LUTHER MORGAN, B.S.,
Clyde, N. C.**

"By medicines life may be prolong'd, yet death will
seize the doctor too."

Baseball Team '05, '07; President Medical Class, '07.

Familiarly known as "Coach" Morgan, he goes in and out among us, never meddling but always attending to his own affairs. Neat in appearance, independent and quiet, we predict for "Tony" much success as a "roller of pills," and may we refrain from giving forth a sigh of pity for those unfortunates who may happen to fall under his doctoring care.





ALFRED HOUSE NANNIE, B.A.,
Union Mills, N. C.

"When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself
Surely mortal man is a broom-stick."

Anniversary Orator, '07.

In him the blood of patriotism runs high, and shows him to be a true Southerner. History is "his long suit," and it is his "hobby" to make an inventory of the great men of history whenever he makes a speech. It is his chief ambition to be thought of in connection with Demosthenes, Cicero, and William J. Bryan.

JOHN WILLIAM NOWELL, M.A.,
Tyner, N. C.

"O blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

"Jack" is a man of very sunny disposition and exceedingly good nature. He has a good heart, what there is left of it. He is most generous, and free from all contriving. Aspires to be a tennis player, but his short legs and general rotundity interfere with rapid movement. In chemistry he is a prodigy, and promises some day to be a proficient professor.





RUFUS BRACKIN PEARSON, B.A.,
Reidsville, N. C.

"A square set man and honest."

Treas. Senior Class; Dixon Essay Medal, '06.

Rufus is quiet, unassuming, unostentatious, and seemingly oblivious of his surroundings. Looks after his own business and cares nothing for the other fellow's. His aspirations are lofty, and we predict that some day he will be numbered among the noted divines of the time.

LEWIS MONTGOMERY POWELL, B.A.,
Wake Forest, N. C.

"Maid of Athens (?), ere we part,
Give, Oh! give me back my heart."

Glee Club, '06, '07.

Confirmed "spoonoid," being in love far beyond recall. Though having had several flattering proposals from mothers with attractive(?) daughters, Lewis has never allowed his head to be turned, but still remains true to the call of his own heart. Tall, and with a fair complexion, to him belongs the just distinction of being one of the handsomest men of his class. Is never in anything but a good humor.





OSCAR JENNINGS SIKES, B.A.,
Monroe, N. C.

"If he take you in hand, Sir, with an argument,
 He'll bray you in a mortar."

Second Debater Anniversary, '06; Alternate
 Mercer Debate, '06; Commencement Speaker.

Long, lank, and lean, he stalks about the
 campus like a father in Israel, taking the last
 fond look at the scenes of his boyhood days.
 The snows of many winters have come and
 gone since he came among us, and still he
 lingers, loth to depart from such hallowed
 memories. A debater whose sarcasm withers
 his opponent's arguments. Surely he stands
 as a "landmark" in the life of the College.

WILLIAM EUGENE SPEAS, B.A.,
East Bend, N. C.

"My face is my fortune, Sir, he said."

First Debater Anniversary, '07; Assistant in
 Physics, '07; Commencement Speaker.

Has a large capacity for enjoying jokes, and
 expresses his satisfaction by frantic gesticula-
 tions. "Bill" is a diligent, persistent student,
 and his constant association with science in the
 rôle of Assistant in Physics Laboratory has led
 him to cast his lot with electricians. He prom-
 ises to return with his electrical invention and
 convert Wake Forest into a land of light.





CAREY BEASLEY TAYLOR, B.A.,
Dunn, N. C.

"Many a man's tongue makes out his master's undoing."

Editor-in-Chief of Student, '07; Associate Editor Weekly, '07.

A man of happy disposition. Has periodic fits of taciturnity—during his sleep. Carey is given to manifestation of affection upon slight provocation, can discourse with marvelous fluency on any subject, and is never at a loss for something to say.

JAMES BAXTER TURNER, B.A.,
Wake Forest, N. C.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbiage finer than the staple of his argument."

Senior Speaker; Winner of Tennis Tournament, '04, '07; Anniversary Marshal, '05; Baseball Team, '04-'07; Basket-ball Team, '06, '07; Manager Bashall Team, '07; Secretary Athletic Association, '06; Secretary Anniversary Debate, '07; Senior Editor of Howler, '07; Associate Editor of Weekly, '07; Class Orator.

A man of many parts, with a range of accomplishments from athlete to orator. Jim's hearty laugh will be missed about College, for his genial disposition has won for him the appellation of "Sunny Jim." Well known in the realm of athletics, having many times won victory for the Old Gold and Black. Not unacquainted with the rules of rhetoric, and occasionally has been heard to spout forth lengthy words which we seek in vain to find in the dictionary.





**WILLIAM HARVEY VANN, B.A.,
Raleigh, N. C.**

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Associate Editor Weekly, '06; Editor-in-Chief of Howler, '07; Chairman Class-day Committee; Athletic Editor Weekly, '07; Assistant in Mathematics, '07.

Here we have a well-balanced combination. As a man among men, Harvey is happy and joyous, and never in anything but a good temper; and as a student he has already won the distinction of being an assistant professor. Supposed to spend much time in his various editorial capacities. His class cedes to him the first place in the realm of mysticism, and there he now and then sups with ghosts and breathes their conversation in the Student.

**JAMES WILLIAM VERNON, B.S.,
Roxboro, N. C.**

"In vain we strive against love's great sway,
Who ne'er hath loved, will love some day."

Commencement Marshal, '05; Anniversary Orator, '07; Sophomore Medal, '05.

"Jamie" is a diligent and persistent student. He experiments with the "stiffs" and crawling things in the laboratory with a knowing air. Aspires to be a "Savior of Lives," and we predict for him a bright career in his chosen profession. Some heap upon him the ignominy of abhorring the fairer sex, but "Bachelor's Hall," we vouch, will never have him for an inmate.





**JESSE BURTON WEATHERSPOON, M.A.,
Durham, N. C.**

"That man with a grave mathematical look, could harness a team with a logical chain."

Freshman Medal, '03; Historian Sophomore Class, '04; Junior's Orator's Medal, '05; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '05-'06; Senior Speaker; President Anniversary Debate, '06; Mercer-Wake Forest Debater, '06; Commencement Orator, '06; Chairman Honor Committee, '06.

With a versatile and astute mind "Little Spoon" has made a reputation in College of which he may justly be proud. A staunch apostle of our sister institution, B. U. W., and if Dr. Vann should begin a campaign for an increased endowment, this man "Spoon" would willingly enlist as one of his most ardent and faithful agents. Enters the Seminary next year, and his career there, we predict, will be a bright one.

**WALTER HERBERT WEATHERSPOON, B.A.,
Durham, N. C.**

"A moral, sensible, and well bred man."

Glee Club, '03-'07; President Junior Class, '06; Debater Anniversary, '06; President Y. M. C. A., '06; Business Manager Student, '06; Wake Forest-Mercer Debater, '06; Commencement Speaker.

Genial, good-natured and affable, "Big Spoon" is thought well of by all the students. As a chorister he has few equals, as a debater he is unexcelled, and as a captivator of the fairer sex he is surpassed by none. He is a licensed attorney, and his desire to become a shining light in his profession will doubtless be realized.





JULIUS WESLEY WHITLEY, B.A.,
Eldred's Mill, N. C.

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Here is a man who belies his looks. Though he is quiet, unassuming, and unostentatious, there can be detected in the man something that characterizes him as one of ability. Proficient in Moral Philosophy, and one of the few who "batted him" on Psychology.

HERBERT LINWOOD WIGGS, M.A., B.L.,
Atlanta, Ga.

"Pains of love be sweeter far
 Than all his other pleasures are."

Baseball Team, '04; Chief Marshal Commencement, '04; Manager Ball Team, '05; President Athletic Association, '05; Member Advisory Board; President Law Class, '07.

The bequest of the Class of '06. "Billy" is a man who has seen much of the world, and telling his experiences is his long snit. The once jollity of his friends has lost its charm, and he now lives a retired and sedate life—giving advice as a father keeping watch over his own, and indifferent to most of his surroundings, he seems to be listening for the sound of a voice that is far away.





SAMUEL FREDERICK WILSON, B.L.,
Burnsville, N. C.

"The good need fear no law :
 It is his safety and the bad man's awe."

His strength is not in his looks but in his character. He was one of the many Wake Forest men who were associated with the General Assembly of '07. A licensed attorney and all-round good fellow.

JOSEPH C. JONES, B.A.,
Gates, N. C.

"An honest and respectable man, though his name be
 a common one."

One of the left-overs who chose to wait and take his degree with the present class. A man of sound judgment, temperate nature, and good character, whose worse fault is his retiring disposition. Destined to become a noted expounder of the gospel.





JOSEPH RAY MORGAN, B.L.,
Clyde, N. C.

Diminutive in stature, though learned in legal lore.

One who is from '05, having taken his B.A. degree in that year. Always quiet, yet not without dignity. He has the reputation of being a good student and expert on legal matters in general.

GEORGE JONES SPENCE, B.L.,
Elizabeth City, N. C.

*"If looking wise was wisdom
 Then thou wert wise indeed"*

Historian Freshman Class, '03; Athletic Editor Howler, '04; Business Manager Howler, '05; Historian Law Class, '05; Editor of Student, '05; Class Poet, '06.

"Reddy" took his B.A. degree last year, and a more genial, good-natured and well-deserving fellow never left the College. He is now a rising attorney in his native town, and his career as a "practitioner" will be a bright one.





BENJAMIN THOMAS HOLDING, B.L.,
Youngsville, N. C.

"As jolly a fellow as e'er I met within the limits of becoming mirth."

Historian of Law Class, '05; First Debater, '06; Baseball Team, '05.

"Fatty" is one of those who is always with you—a rollicking, good-natured chap, always ready to liven up things with a hearty laugh. He took his B.A. degree last year, and received his law license last summer, and needs only the honor of being a member of '07 to complete his preparation.

GORDON RABY EDWARDS, M.A.,
Wake Forest, N. C.

"Mid earthly scenes forgotten or unknown,
 Lives in ideal worlds, and wanders there alone."

Class Secretary, '06; Assistant in History, '07.

Coy and bashful as a young maiden when first he began his course in 1902, Gordon has now, after wonderful changes, assumed that stately dignity so characteristic of a professor. Should he pass you unnoticed on the campus, do not blame him, for how could he help it that Spanish and German have made him so oblivious to the outer world.



A Nightmare About the Class of Naughty Seven



HOW TIRED I am to-night! That Logic is dreadful, and there's that history of the Senior Class to write and only two days to finish it—but I can't do it to-night, if the world never does hear of all the giants, cranks and fools in this class. . . . I soon fell asleep and was carried away into dreamland, where history and logic have no dominion. It was sweet there. But by and by I saw a crowd of people going toward a large building. I inquired the reason, and was told that it was class re-union. The Class of '07—my class—had come back. Years and years had elapsed since our graduation and—

“That aged grandsire, Time,
Had touched our lives, and left behind
Only a few faint smouldering embers” to tell the story.



Great crowds had assembled to do us honor. Vann presided in the absence of Gardner, who was attending a re-union in another world—and as he sat in the chair his slender form was stooped with years and hoary gray adorned his brow. Lennon, the old class poet, read, in a squeaky, cracked voice, the poem he wrote while a Senior, making apologies for it by saying he had never been able to write any better. When he sat down he was given an ovation—out of respect for his years.

It then became my duty to give the history of the class. I winced at my task. It was a hard one. Never before was there a class with so unique a history. Verily a class of prodigies it had ever been.

Looking back over it all in that breathless moment, I felt that our Newish year was a “comedy of errors,” our Sophomore “much ado about nothing,” our Junior “a midsummer night's dream” in its sweetness, and our Senior—ah, well, “all's well that ends well.” During that year we formed ourselves into an advisory board to correct the mistakes of an empty-headed faculty. How foolish it all seems now!

“History is made by individuals,” I began; “the individual heroes form the outline and make the landmarks, and so my report, Mr. President, shall contain the life, characteristics and doings of the individuals of this wonderful class of prodigies.

“‘Runt’ Taylor became a journalist and achieved some prominence as reporter for his county paper, but his chief glory was gained by his practical talks on ‘Class cutting—Is it an art or a science’—illustrated by a horrible example of himself while in College. ‘Runt’ literally wore himself out trying to escape work, but finally relief came, for he laid himself down and died. Whereupon his sons and daughters ceased to sing ‘Everybody works but father,’ and mourned his death for the space of a whole day.

WEATHERSPOON.—On leaving College he became "a limb of the law," but upon his entering that profession resolutions of sympathy and regret were passed for the State. After years of political intrigue and scheming, he became Lord High Constable, and when last heard of was full of debts and trouble.

TURNER was first a noted athlete, gaining notoriety as sub-pitch on the Rolesville team, and later became a lawyer also. After some years of practice given by fools and idiots, he gave up his chosen profession in order to organize the North Carolina Association of Ready Relief of Professional and Needy Brayers at the Bar. In this he was successful, afterwards becoming its first and only beneficiary. He lived long and begat many sons and daughters, and all the days of Turner were sixty and five years and he died.

BRIDGES succeeded well as a minister, as he lacked the necessary animation ever to do wrong. Bridges lived forty and five years and wept because his children were not—and he died.

PEARSON.—The last heard of him he was writing essays. Students from all parts of the world wondered as they read his string of sesquipedalian words linked together in a paregorical amphibious manner, and they regarded the resulting nonsense as worthy of all praise. The world has not yet been blessed by his death, but will be soon, let us hope.

LEONARD went to instruct the Chinamen in the arts and artifices of the western civilization, a subject upon which he was peculiarly qualified to speak. At length he was killed in a Chinese insurrection, whereupon the U. S. demanded 35 cents indemnity.

WHITLEY.—He was a useful minister in a lost corner of Cherokee County. Some months ago he retired to his happy home at Gum Swamp, and there resides in peace and quietude.

XANNY.—It is verily believed that he will have to be shot at the judgment day to end his life and hush his bore-atory.

VERNON became a doctor, but after a few years practice on pet dogs and cats, he gave up his chosen profession to establish an old maid's home for aged nurses, and still resides peacefully in their midst.

ALLEN.—"He is scarce awake, let him alone awhile." His naps were disturbed occasionally while in College by the bell, but since leaving he has slept unmolested. "Sleep, blessed sleep, from which none e'er wake to weep," is now his portion.

COOKE, while laboring under the impression that he was an artist, took up architecture. By diligent application to his profession he was able at last to draw a one-story barn, in which he lived until the angels (?) took him.

CALDWELL was a great chemist, and won lasting fame by inventing a new explosive, nitro-pyro-picro-benzo-celluso, but died of lockjaw consequent to pronouncing its name.

HAYES.—His researches into classics eclipsed all previous scholars, but he took to Greek more than it took to him. Finally he returned to Wake Forest and took the place of Dr. Paschal.

GREENE.—He was ever busy during life proving "what's in a name." But he is now at rest. Disturb not his memory by reviving a never-decided question.

BUNN found that law wasn't a flower-strewn path, and so he eventually took a position as justice of the peace to escape mental anguish. He died, unfortu-

nately, an early death from being forced, while in College, to listen to Prof. Gulley's lectures. But when he lay dead, behold! they all rejoiced, for a son of Anak had been slain.

BEVERLY.—"A politician, one that could circumvent the Devil." After he left College, he succeeded Senator Simmons as political ringster in the State—and all declared that mantle and more than a double portion of the Senator's spirit had descended upon his young successor, but—but—let us draw the curtain.

NOWELL.—"He waxed fat and kicked"—and still continues to do so.

SPEAS.—Ever since his infancy he has been a noted orator, for which it is predicted that he will end in the penitentiary or the Senate—let us hope in the former.

HAMRICK.—He was born in 1492 B. C. (before Columbus). He lived long. He consumed 1,000 pounds of beef and then roaringly passed away.

JOHNSON.—The critical hour had come in the State for a tremendous onward stride in missions. The Convention was stirred and swept off its feet by pathetic appeals for more help. At this moment Johnson was called to address the Convention. Men and women leaned forward in their seats to listen, and in that deep voice of his that rang throughout that vast auditorium he began: "Ye call me chief; ye do well to call me chief." The day was a failure. But despite this he still lives on, ever "Reddy" to repeat the performance.

McSWAIN.—Mac lived and little was ever heard of him. He was retiring in nature, and the world will yet bless him for it. Finally he slept with his fathers and another Mac reigned in his stead.

FERRELL.—His like was never seen. Men and women came from far and near to see him and hear him talk. He ceased to be a bachelor very early and joined the band of the persecuted. He saw his sons and his sons' sons even to the fourth generation. At last Ferrell died, "being old and full of days."

SIKES.—"The Lord opened the mouth of an ass." He was a lawyer, and his first notoriety was won as attorney representing the society for the suppression of the display of naked turkeys on the market. He became a great man and was known far and wide—in Union County—as a political stump speaker of the dead and forgotten type. And the days of Sikes were unnumbered; and he begat sons and daughters, and he was not, for the Devil took him.

The rest are lost, strayed, or stolen. They have not been heard of for years.

* * * * *

"Um—my—gracious, what a nightmare I have had! I dreamed some ugly things about my class-mates. If I spoke any of them aloud and they ever get to my friends, I want to say I didn't mean a word of it. I was only talking in my sleep. My, I must get up and study that Logic, or I'll flunk, sure!"

HISTORIAN.

Class Poem



Quiet, beckoning, the end of evening smiles,
Long the day :
The morrow lies us miles on miles
Another way.

Though fraught with trials, of many joys bereft,
And deeds beguile,
The passing eve, though sad, has left
A smile.

Now take your own, bid fare,
Remain the ties
In each, though scattered here and there,
That latent lies.

Alma Mater, how grace thy walls? Man's heart
Of cold clay clod
Works him vouchsafe to do his part,
Then is it God?

Class Will



WE, the members of the Senior Class of Wake Forest College, being most of us of sound body and a few of us of sound mind, but being aware of the approaching examinations which endanger the safety of us all, deem it advisable to declare this our last will and testament.

First: Our executor named herein shall carry out all the provisions of our will.

Second: We declare it to be our desire that the Class Historian, before his demise, shall convey to posterity in fitting terms a record of all our great achievements, from the beginning of the Glee Club in 1903 to the last ball game won in 1907, not forgetting to do full justice to all the members of this illustrious class.

Third: We give and bequeath to the Junior Class all the dignity and wisdom consistent with Seniordom; the privilege of non-attendance upon gymnasium; the right to appear wise and dignified whether they are so or not; the great pleasure attendant upon the study of Moral Philosophy; and the unspeakable delight of being pointed out at Commencement as "a member of our graduating class."

Fourth: We also relinquish most reluctantly to our successors our immunity from all College regulations; the right to talk out loud in the reading-room, to appropriate to their individual use any periodicals which they deem necessary for their edification, and to make remarks on class without being called on; and above all things else, the honor of being appealed to by the Professor to settle all points pertaining to Psychology, Logic, Biology, and higher knowledge in general.

Fifth: We hand down to the Sophomore Class, if they will demean themselves so much as to notice it, all the advice and good counsel we have received from various sources during the past four years, especially that in regard to undue pretensions to learning and wisdom.

Sixth: We extend to the Freshman Class our deepest sympathy for what they have gone through with during the present session, with the assurance that it has all been for the best, and that we have allowed it only because of the realization of what inestimable benefit the said course of training has been to us.

Seventh: We bestow upon the Preps our good-will in their efforts next year to explain how they are Sophs and are yet taking Freshman studies, with the hope that they will succeed better than their predecessors have done.

Eighth: We make to the Faculty a last formal acknowledgment of the

many invitations to " Faculty Receptions " with which we have been favored; submission to the depletions they have seen fit to make in our ranks, realizing that these in most cases have been blessings in disguise, and our forgiveness for all their other short-comings; grateful acknowledgment for the many kindnesses shown, and for their indulgence but for which some of us would not now be here; and lastly our sincere sympathy in their honest but, alas! futile efforts to produce in the future another class like unto the present.

Ninth: We bestow congratulations upon the Alumni on the privilege they are so soon to have of welcoming into their midst such a distinguished body as the Class of 1907.

Tenth: Being informed by our Treasurer that, after having made all the above bequests, there is still remaining in the treasury a goodly sum, we appoint our executor to expend that sum in the following manner:

To Prof. Carlyle, \$500.00 to erect an arch over the campus gate; to Dr. Tom, a copy of Webster's Unabridged; to Prof. Ives, enough money to purchase earth-worms and cray-fishes galore, and to insure that they will be " pretty specimens " so that the young biologists may be " glad we got these "; to the College, a " fiery furnace " of modern construction, gnaranteed to keep the reading-room warm for two consecutive hours, also an automatic college bell which shall not vary more than five minutes in the hour; and if there be any species of property not already disposed of, we will that it shall be divided, share and share alike, among the " kid faculty."

Eleventh: We appoint as executors those members of the class who, for reasons best known to themselves and the Faculty, shall continue with the College for another year. We admonish them to carry out the provisions of this will according to its true intents and purposes, and do hereby revoke all wills and testaments heretofore made.

In witness whereof, we do hereby set our hand, this first day of May, 1907.

(Seal) SENIOR CLASS.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be our last will and testament. Sworn in the absence of the Lord Mayor of Wake Forest, in testimony of which we, as reputable witnesses, do subscribe our names hereunto.

(Signed)

TOM JEFFREYS.
HENRY BRIDGES.
OLIVER BRACY.



Junior Class



Officers

HUBERT A. JONES	President.
OVID C. FOOTE	Vice-President
RAY GRIFFIN	Secretary.
WALTER L. CURTIS	Treasurer.
JAMES F. JUSTICE	Historian.
FREDERICK F. BROWN	Poet.
HENRY H. McMILLAN	Prophet



JUNIOR CLASS

History of Junior Class



IN the fall of 1904 there arrived at Wake Forest an aggregation of raw recruits representing every swamp and hollow of the State, from the frog-ponds of Currituck to the wild-cat holes of Cherokee. Self-confidence was glowing on each countenance, while deep down in the heart of every one burned an insatiable thirst for honor and ardent desire to revolutionize the world. Ignorance, innocence and curiosity were the badge of all the tribe, which insignia readily branded them as "Newish" radiant with an exceptional lustre—veritable gems of purest ray serene.

Many of them had come fresh from the high-school, where at commencement of the previous year they had stood up before the applause of admiring friends and the shy glance of blushing sweethearts to receive their certificates of graduation. To those who had thus already reached the *Ne plus ultra* in life's achievements, "going to College" could mean nothing more than an introduction to a more intelligent society, where genius such as their's could receive due appreciation. But, alas! for the vain, transitory splendors of childhood's dream!

The first duty confronting each member was to convince the "oldish" that he was no ordinary Freshman, but a man deserving of special recognition. This was performed only too successfully, for the arduous task of giving us our just deserts, imposed upon the Night-Hawk Club, killed that organization. The trials and disappointments that beset us in that helpless state of blooming infancy would indeed have "brought iron tears down Pluto's cheeks." Our philosophy was ridiculed, our stale jokes were met with hollow groans, by night we were held in constant terror by the savage yells of the unspeakable Sophomores seeking whom they might devour, by day that abominable Newish whistle gave our quiet walks the appearance of a funeral march. Thus we existed for nine weary months; a target for the Sophomores' wit, a contemptible nothing in the sight of the upper classmen, the prey of an unmerciful Faculty.

But time changes, and so does the tide in the affairs of tyros. August, 1905, found us again on the field of action. This time, we were not wearing the garments of humility and meekness which had characterized us in the lower stage of evolution, but clothed in an arrogant pride, with mien of men who were lords of all they surveyed. When we beheld again the familiar region of our previous hardships, an imperishable joy thrilled our hearts that we were now the conquerors

and not the conquered. We gave vent to our emotions by a succession of vocal vibrations that would have silenced the voice of Stentor. The state of effervescence had been reached—we were Sophomores.

We immediately entered upon the discharge of our duties, dealing out advice or reprobation to the newish accordingly as we saw they most needed. But our activities were not limited to that narrow field. The current of the College life might have been changed by our sudden rush of new ideas if it had not been for our arch enemies, the Critics and Professors, who always seemed to be envious of us. But, oblivious of such trivial annoyances, we rattled away with tongues of saucy and audacious emptiness. The newish feared us, the Seniors scorned, and the Faculty pitied. There being nothing else extraordinary accomplished by our class during its sojourn in that wilderness of mental distortion, we pass over it hurriedly, for of all periods in a student's life that he remembers with regret it is the days of Sophomorehood—that time when he thought he had power to understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and yet lacked wisdom to see the shallowness of his own cerebral convolutions. But, "*Præterita mutare non possumus*," therefore "let the dead past bury its dead."

But what of the present? The third seal has been opened, and we catch a glimpse of what awaits us next year when we shall assume the role of dignified Seniors. Like a weird, ungainly spectre, there comes to us a vision of the great, surging sea of life into which we shall be plunged when college days are ended. The desire to revolutionize the world has vanished, and we have at last learned to appreciate and apply those words of Hamlet:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

In spite of the confusion and errors that have attended our past record, we have been slowly but surely pressing forward in the path of progress. This year we are holding important offices in all the College organizations. We are strongly represented on the staffs of the *Howler*, *Student*, and *Weekly*, on the Glee Club and in athletics, and our representatives have held high the banner of the literary societies at Anniversary and on the intercollegiate debate. All of which, we trust, is only a harbinger of the time when we as men of action in the arena of life shall lay many trophies at the feet of our *Alma Mater*.

HISTORIAN



S O P H I E

Sophomore Class



Officers

EDGAR E. WHITE	President.
JOHN G. CARROLL	Vice-President.
JOHN A. WATSON	Secretary.
WILLIAM E. LESTER	Treasurer.
R. LEROY McMILLAN	Historian.
LUTHER E. DAILEY	Poet.
LADDIN L. TILLEY	Prophet.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

History of Sophomore Class



IT was in the last part of sultry August, 1905, that we began to get off the train at Wake Forest, and we kept coming until Christmas. The Sophomores said that we were an awful large class and as fresh as goat-meat on the 4th of July. We are willing now to admit that we were a little fresh. Most of us thought it a reasonable but puzzling question when one of our number asked a Professor where the Campus was. Others refused prunes at the table, thinking that they would like to try something new, as they could get persimmons at home. One fellow was actually bold and inquisitive enough to ask an upper-classman if the "stiffs" were artificial. Another proposed to a Professor that he could take the Moral Philosophy course, as he had a conflict with Prep. Latin.

All this happened in the fall, and about Christmas the old fellows said that they could see a little change in our looks and behaviour on account of associating with civilized people, but we realize now that "funk" and lamp-black were the chief causes of our transformation. Sometimes "funk" would be so thick in our rooms that we could almost feel it, hear it boiling, and even smell it, but, worst of all, we couldn't find it.

When we came back after Christmas, our hearts were heavy and lumps came in our throats when we thought of our mothers and some other dear folks. But later on in the spring our hopes and aspirations became higher, seeing in the far-distant future the "lazy Lawrence" gathering around Commencement days, and in our dreams hearing the shrill whistle of 38 or 41 calling to us, "Home, home, home—home," in tones of sweetest melody.

We had reasons to begin to feel our importance somewhat, because when it came to athletics we naturally "took the rag off the bush." Keith and Elliott made the basket-ball team, and Benton and Ed. White more than "held up their end of the rope" on the baseball diamond. But Field Day was when we naturally "rose cane," and left the other classes way back in the shade. Our class won over one-half the points that day. How is that for an athletic record?

The most wonderful accomplishment, however, attained through our herculean efforts, was our seven-course banquet held "by the light of the moon," back of Holding's pond. Just when we had finished our magnolius repast, a crowd of Sophomores came upon us, and we decided to trot back to College, as Mr. Crozier had instructed us to always take enough exercise, as it was absolutely necessary for the most studious ones.

But, boys, let us cast aside those gloomy and weird recollections of the past, when we had "funk" for breakfast, water-bags for dinner, and lamp-black for supper, and with Professor Carlyle direct our gaze toward the rising sun and perform with all diligence and care the duties and responsibilities which this year devolve upon us as members of the Sophomore Class. We have been faithful to our duty; we have looked after about as many "newish" as circumstances would allow. In behalf of the entire class, I would like to say to the members of the Faculty, that if they give us three more months we shall have the majority of the Freshmen under our direct supervision. We are amply able to accomplish all things. We have men in our midst who can by their musical ability cause "the long-eared oaks" to listen and the streams to halt their unceasing pace to take in the sweet strains of melody. There are others who can sway grand assemblies by their matchless eloquence. We even have in our number those who can remove large edifices or drag a full-grown heifer three-quarters of a mile by the tail without the beast's uttering a single breath of complaint. How can we expect to fail with such grand prospects?

With Tilley, Dunn and Gay forming the van, while Daniels and Gary bring up the rear, we will march on to seize the forts of Junior and Seniordom with flying colors—"conquering and to conquer."

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class Poem



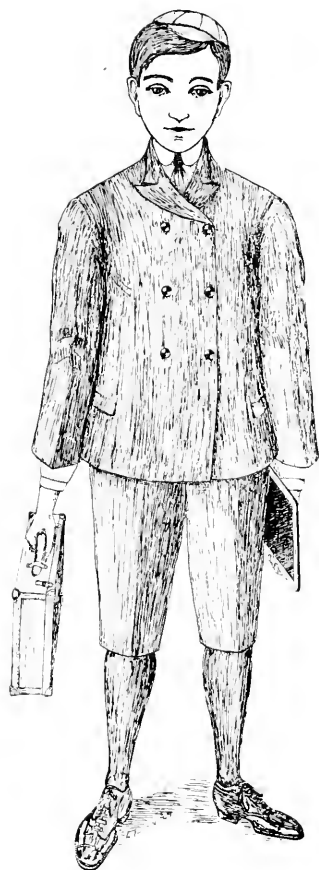
Come, Muses, one and all, I pray,
My inspiration be;
Calliope, Terpsichore,
And sweet-voiced Euterpe;
Erato, Polyphymnia,
Urania and Clio,
Melpomene and Thalia,—
I'll need you all, I know.

For here's a task the like of which
Has never met mankind;
To adequately eulogize
The class of nineteen-nine,
In all the universities
That ever graced the earth,
There never has assembled yet
Such brain and wit and worth.

If all the famous orators
That ever swayed the throngs,
Could gather at Wake Forest
And display their wondrous tongues,
We'd have an opportunity
To demonstrate our power;
We'd put them all beneath the shade
In less than half an hour.

Sometimes we work the Faculty
So hard they often fail
To meet our classes as they should,
Because their health is frail.
We're on the Glee Club, baseball team,
The tennis court, and track;
And when it comes to basket-ball,
For men we never lack.

Well, we could write of other things
That do us credit most,
But our *modus operandi* is
Never to brag and boast;
But on this point all are agreed,
Where'er the sun does shine,
That the "Golden Age" of W. F. C.
Will flower in Nineteen-nine.



Freshman Class



Officers

EDWARD L. CONN	President.
WALTER K. BETHUNE	Vice-President.
WILLIAM C. BREWER	Secretary.
ARTHUR B. RAY	Treasurer.
WILLIAM S. BRITT	Historian.
JOSEPH P. HARRIS	Poet.
C. MOSELEY OLIVER	Prophet.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

History of Freshman Class



IT would be a task indeed to make any adequate record of the Class of 1910, and far be it from us to pretend to do so. But in the humble capacity of historian, it shall be our purpose to record the most important events that have occurred so far.

From the very first it was evident that ours was a "class among classes," and far superior to anything in College. The very first thing we did was to be mutually impressed with each other, then to pity the other classes, then to notice the Faculty. Before long, however, circumstances caused us to change our opinion, being impressed by the Sophomores and pitying each other. As for the Faculty, they forced themselves upon us, noticing us when we did not notice them. The Juniors would join in every now and then, and seemed to enjoy our conflicts with the Sophomores. The Seniors didn't have much to do with us; they were all stuck up, and didn't realize what a good thing they were doing by not cultivating our acquaintance.

I suppose the first important thing in our career, as it is in most others, was the class meeting. We knew that the Sophs. were likely to interfere, and fearing that some of them would get hurt, we paid the policeman fifty cents to keep the door shut. But he seemed to be more afraid than anyone else, and soon deserted. Just as we had started on the transaction of business, in came the whole College. No doubt they thought to profit by our wisdom, but we didn't want them to hear it, so we adjourned. Then the Sophs., being disappointed at not learning anything, asked us to dance; and most of us did, being very accommodating. Since thinking it over, it might have been better to teach the Sophs a few things, as most of them don't know much.

About this time we discovered that the best thing for us to do at nights was to lay low and keep quiet. Some of us had been walking around; but the Faculty thought we ought to study more, and appointed some fellows to polish us when we stayed out. They say blacking is good for a newish; sometimes it is, but it didn't do Clodfelter much good, and Charlie Clark is likewise about as bad off as before.

Some of us tried to play football in the fall; Lunsford, White, Hardy and Leggett had already made the team, but the rest of us thought it would lower the class, and so they quit; and when the rest of the fellows saw we had quit, they quit, too.

The State Fair was a special bonanza to us, as we could go out there and appear as big as the rest. We watched the horse-races, saw the exhibits, ate peanuts, and drank red lemonade, until there wasn't anything left; then we threw rubber balls at the girls and they hit us; we went to the shows, saw the "chacma" and "big snake," and other such things, and by the time we got home we were real glad we went.

We beat Mercer on Thanksgiving in debate, and you ought to have heard Britt speak! He just put the "rousements" on and naturally tore things up. We didn't know he was so good.

When the picture man came out here, we put on our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and were fixed up "fit to kill." He took the Juniors and Sophomores first, saving the best for the last. Those old Seniors didn't even get their's taken. Somebody tried to throw water all on us, but we came pretty near having them expelled for it, and they haven't bothered us since.

Conn is about the most important man in the class. He writes up all our proceedings in the paper. He and Horner were the only folks in College that could sport a spike-tail coat until Billy Wiggs bought one like their's. Bill is a sensible fellow.

Ragland and some others write for *The Student*, but out of kindness to the Seniors they have decided not to get any of the medals. Martin is a smart fellow, too; he writes more poetry than all the rest of us put together. He thinks right smart of himself. McKinney was one of the most graceful marshals you ever saw, and little Fletcher will have to "go about" to beat him at Commencement. Hardy came all the way from Arizona to join our class, but we made him a Sophomore for coming without asking us. Long, Gay, Freeman, and Gregory are helping Mr. Crozier coach the ball team. Pope, Kitchin, Hardy, Walker, White, and Oliver consented to be on the Glee Club, as Professor Eatman knew it couldn't be much unless a lot of our class were on the club. Josey, Hardy, and Clark are our hottest sporting men; Duffy and White are on the basket-ball team; and Oliver is smartest of all, for he even makes the Alumni dance for him.

Well, there isn't time to tell about all the rest. Most of them are all right, but some are not, and we have told Dr. Potent not to let them come back.

Commencement is nearly here, and then we'll all spend our money for peanuts and give some to our girls, too. Next year we will be even greater as Sophomores than we are this year as newish, if that is possible. At any rate, we shall be better than the Sophs. are this year.

HISTORIAN.

P. S.—Forgot to tell you that we elected our officers after awhile; but everybody knows it now, anyway.

Newish Poem

Come, heavenly Muse, if e'er thou didst
A Newish pen inspire;
First take the Sophs, from out our midst,
Then give the poet's fire.

We came, we saw, we conquered not, As Newish, all of us;	We were delighted with the scene The rolling campus made;
We thought we had, what we had not,— That is, the most of us.	It was the time when all was GREEN And laddies sought the shade.

Some gave us welcome—hearty, long—
With merry song and dance,
And, though we thought it very wrong,
It still our woes enhanced.

We met our officers to choose, When, rapping at the door,	They hustled in, we hurried out, And worked the slyest trick,
He came, and we dared not refuse— Our friend, the Sophomore.	And when the Sophs, were not about, Proceeded to elect.

Indeed, the papers boomed us high,
And said we Fresh, were smart,
But oft we read it with a sigh,—
They only knew in part.

Sometimes our faces shine with light Of victory at our back;	To hastening time so let us pray To bring us safely through,
But with the passing of the night, Alas! they shine with black.	That we in turn may reap revenge Upon the next year's crew.

Newish Class Prophecy



TALKING about promisin futurs: there 'aint a class in school what's got the futur that the Newish Class is. The Sofermores! They 'aint in it with us: all that they can do is ter brag that they compare favurably with us, and be satisfied. Why just take one glance at the class of nineteen-10, an you'll hartily agree wth me, that we're the hansomest set of boys that ever struck Wake Forest: there's Hunter Pope; Caruso's rival, Collins; J. P. Harris, and just numbers of others equally as handsom. Cood looks goes a long way toward suckses, and this is one reason why I can proficy with such certainty, because the indications is so favurable.

As I "look throo a glass britely" into the dark and uncertain futur, I behold 'n every walk of life, Wake Forest men of the class of 1910, taking the lead.

In the court-room I see our deer little Georgia Newish, Walter Baldwin, presiding, and there before the jury stands Sanford Martin, as eloquent as Demosthenes and as convincing and impresive as Sisero. Then there comes my old friend Hipps, from the side of the prisoner and with his well known earnestness he pours forth h's soul in an appeal to the sympathys of the juries.

Not only is our Newish to be seen in the court-rooms, but in that grates of all callins, the ministry. I see in the leadin pulpits of the land, Kitchin, Duffy, Clark, and Hardy, and I hear the voices of Sullivan, D. A. Brown, and Cap. Cooper, whose usefulness and piety is felt all over the country.

Again, I clearly see Ragland as he pulls his hair and uselessly tries to discover why a buzzard lopes instead of single-foot'ng, and Mitchell, as he bends over his microscope and tries to find out why a muskito don't use his horny legs, to make man cuss, rather than use the round-about method of diggin a well, with his beak, in man's flesh. Carrick, I see, sits dreamily on a mountain top and amputates the length of time before earth will bust up and he will be allowed the long desired privilege of exploring the Elysian woods and fields.

The kelidescope changes and I see Walker, Marshall, Tunstall, and others rushing here and there looking after the internal workins of man, with all the diligence that they use to d'splay in the Chemical Laboratory when making funk. High up they stand in their profeshun, and in the esteem and regard of their fellow-men.

In the industrial world, I behold the sweet girlish face of Buchanan, at the head of a large banking establishment, and I see Britt, president of some big trust, with Philip Thomas 1st-Vice-President.

In the world of Journalism I behold Conn, Edwards, and Williamson figuring prominently. Conn, noted for his accuracy and ability to tell stories; Edwards, for his ability to write novels, and Williamson for his gift as a humorist.

In all of the professions that I might name, I find the Newish of 1910 at the head, and, "What reason," you may ask, "have you for making such a prophecy?" The fact that we, as a class, have determination, high ideals, and are the best-looking set of boys in school.

PROFIT.



Law Class

• •

Officers

HERBERT L. WIGGS	President.
JULIAN W. BUNN	Vice-President.
S. FRED WILSON	Secretary.
DENNIS G. BRUMMITT	Treasurer.
EDWARD L. CONN	Historian.
WOODY LENNON	Poet.
GUY T. HORNER	Prophet.



LAW CLASS.



Medical Class

• • Officers

ERNEST L. MORGAN	President.
WILLIAM H. FURMAN	Vice-President.
CHARLES M. PHIFER	Secretary.
FRANK W. KURFEES	Treasurer.
JAMES W. VERNON	Historian.
HENRY B. IVEY	Poet.
CECIL E. MARTIN	Prophet.



MEDICAL CLASS.

The First Flower



Frail!

Frail!

Companionless, lone,

Untimely blown,

Tenderly pale—

Frail!

Frail!

Drear!

Drear!

Long, weary winds creep

Over the steep,

Laboring near—

Drear!

Drear!

Cold!

Cold!

Life-withering breath,

Frost-mantled Death,

Breathes on thy folds—

Cold!

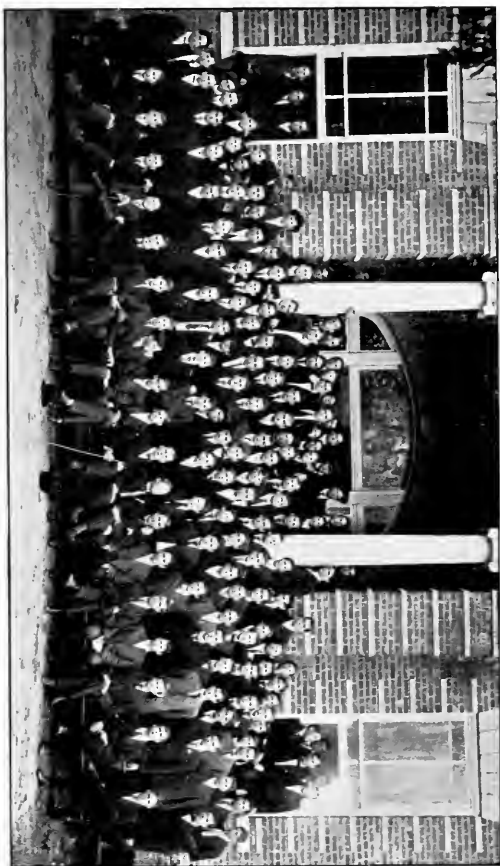
Cold!

To Euzelia



The stately mien, the calm, imperious brow,
The regal glance of eye, whose holy fire
Would kindle in the soul a long desire
For all that lovely is, and would endow
The mind with strength, with purpose to aspire
To all that Truth can teach, or God require—
These charms are thine, Euzelia. Ere now
Thy sons have loved thy name. Nor has the vow
Which bound them to thy long-revered shrine
Been lightly held. Nor shall it ever be,
So long as aught remains men call divine,
And Truth shall teach man's spirit to be free,
The torch that thou dost bear shall shine
Forever in the hearts that reverence thee.

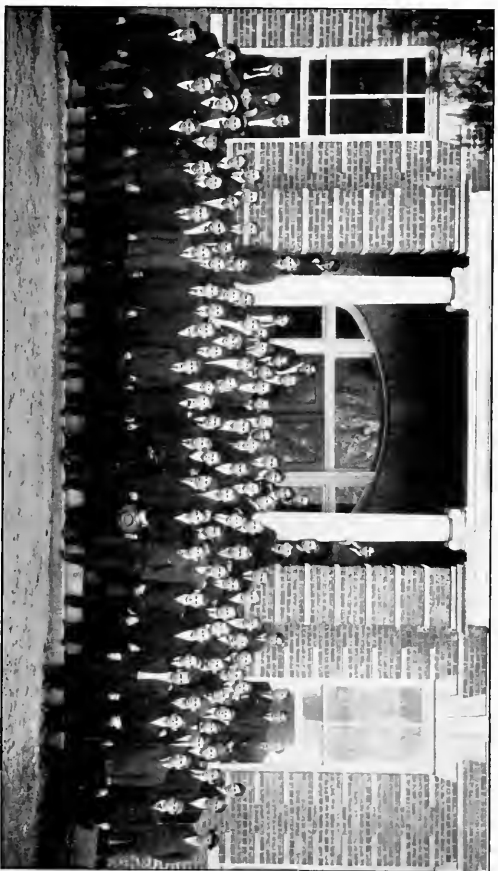
ETZELIAN SOCIETY.



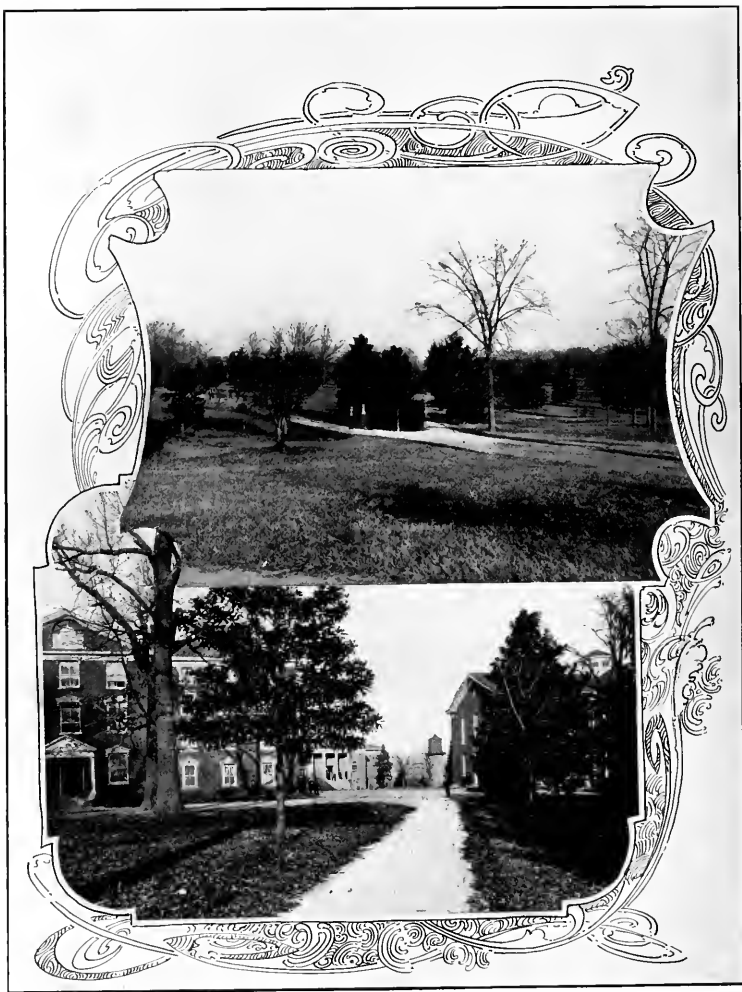
To Philomathesia



Winged bearer of the laurel wreathed crown,
Whose native realm is that truth-centered sphere,
Where high resolve doth move untouched by fear
Or aught that fetters faith, or drags hope down
To depths abysmal; whose unminded renown
With changeful ages shall unchanged appear
Till all be finished; fain would we revere
For aye thy hallowed shrine. And wilt thou frown
To own the gift we bring? For unskilled hands
Essay to pluck from bold Parnassus' brow
This wreath for thee. If so, thy frown still stands
As sacred as thy smile. And e'er, as now,
Yielding obedience to thy just demands,
These hearts, with thee, shall keep each plighted vow.



PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.



CAMPUS SCENES.

The Old Rustic



The March wind loud in the elm tops,
A crimson flush on the maple copse ;
And O, the thoughts that arise of thee,
Old Brown Rustic under the tree !

The song-thrush sings as ever he sang,
Spell-charmed upon his raptures I hang ;
But it's not the same wild note to me,
Old Brown Rustic under the tree.

A glory still comes on field and stream,
And beyond yet rolls vast dream on dream ;
But something there is now lost to me,
Old Brown Rustic under the tree !

Glee Club and Orchestra



RALPH H. FERRELL, Manager.

Glee Club

PROF. DARIUS EATMAN, Musical Director.

HUBERT M. POTEAT, Leader.

FIRST TENOR:

E. B. Earnshaw,
E. E. White,
C. B. McBrayer,
T. D. Collins,
D. Eatman.

FIRST BASS:

W. Lennon,
L. M. Powell,
P. C. Stringfield,
R. H. Pope,
L. C. Hardy.

SECOND TENOR:

J. E. Ray,
W. L. Curtis,
J. M. Adams,
T. C. White,
C. M. Oliver.

SECOND BASS:

H. M. Poteat,
W. H. Weatherspoon,
B. L. Powers,
L. M. White,
L. H. Kitchin.

Orchestra

H. M. POTEAT, Leader.

FIRST VIOLIN—H. M. Poteat.

SECOND VIOLIN—C. M. Oliver.

DOUBLE BASS—J. E. Ray.

FLUTE—W. Lennon.

CLARINET—R. H. Pope.

FIRST CORNET—R. E. Walker.

SECOND CORNET—W. L. Curtis.

TROMBONE—L. C. Hardy.

HORN—P. C. Stringfield.

DRUMS—C. B. McBrayer.

PIANO—D. Eatman.

GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA.



The Glee Club and Orchestra



THE College Glee Club and Orchestra was organized in the fall of 1903, by Professor Eatman. At that time it was regarded with some suspicion and even disfavor by some friends of the College. It has steadily grown, however, in the favor of the Faculty and Trustees, until now Professor Eatman meets with hearty and unanimous support from all sides. Unlike most college organizations, the Club has, during the three years of its existence, invariably cleared a neat amount over and above expenses at the end of each season. On the fall trip of 1906, under the skillful management of Mr. Ralph H. Ferrell, the amount cleared was approximately two hundred dollars. The tour included Henderson, Warrenton, Scotland Neck, Rocky Mount, and Dunn. The spring trip comprises Burlington, High Point, Lenoir, Salisbury, Asheville, and Waynesville. The Club is cordially received everywhere and has always proved to be a most successful representative of the College.

Love is a Bubble



Love is a bubble ;
Love is a trouble ;
 Love is a pale moonbeam ;
Love is a fever ;
Love's a deceiver ;
 Love is a fleeting dream.

Seek it, it lies you ;
Flee it, it hies you ;
 Dread it, it pursues you the more ;
Careless, it haunts you ;
Boastful, it daunts you ;
 Grasp, and it quickly will soar.

Love is a fairy ;
So then, be wary.
 Love's e'en now on the wing,
Count not his blindness ;
Naught cares he for kindness ;
 Like the bee, Love carries a sting.

The Band



W. LENNON, Director.

SOLO CORNET.....	{ P. C. Clodfelter.
	{ L. C. Hardy.
FIRST CORNET.....	{ W. L. Curtis.
	{ R. E. Walker.
CLARINET.....	H. Pope.
BARITONE.....	H. M. Poteat.
SOLO TROMBONE.....	W. Lennon.
FIRST TENOR.....	C. M. Oliver.
ALTO.....	{ P. C. Stringfield.
	{ J. D. Ives.
BASS.....	J. E. Ray, Jr.
SNAKE DRUM.....	C. B. McBrayer.
BASS DRUM.....	B. L. Powers.



THE BAND.

D. M. C. A.



FRED. F. BROWN	President.
ROBERT G. ANDERS	Vice-President.
AURENUS T. HOWARD	Treasurer.
HUBERT A. JONES	Recording Secretary.
ASHBY W. DUNN.....	Corresponding Secretary.

Chairmen of Committees

RELIGIOUS—	Benj. Sargee.
MISSION STUDY—	H. W. Baucom.
NOMINATING—	W. H. Weatherspoon.
BIBLE STUDY—	J. F. Justice.
FINANCE—	A. T. Howard.
HANDBOOK—	J. M. Broughton, Jr.



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS.

To My Chum



Old college chum, since you have left,
Our Alma Mater seems bereft
Of all its fun and pleasure;
And each day, even now, it seems,
Brings naught but longing, naught but dreams,
Of studies without measure.

Dear college chum, the time seems long
Since last we sang our college song
At feasts 'mid nature's bowers;
And in my dreams I seem to hear
Your distant footsteps drawing near—
All thro' the lone night hours.



Athletics



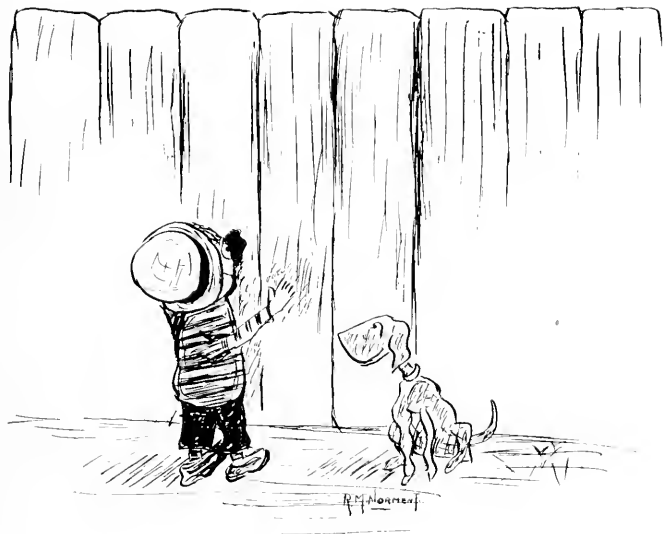
IT is a pleasure to record the progress made in athletics during the last few years at Wake Forest. From an unenviable place in athletics, the College has risen to one of prominence. The chief factors in this success are our well-equipped gymnasium, efficient trainer, and the co-operation of the student body. The gymnasium work, under the direction of Mr. Crozier and his assistant, occupies an important place in college life, and the frequent exhibitions are largely attended. Basket-ball, volley-ball, indoor baseball and handball, make the work interesting.

Field day is recognized, and last year the records made here show that we could turn out a fine track team. It is to be hoped that an inter-collegiate track meet can be arranged.

We have an organized Athletic Association, with good enthusiasm. *The Wake Forest Weekly* tends to keep up the interest.

This year we have already won the State championship in both basket-ball and tennis. We believe that these two teams are the equal of any in the South. We do not have a football team, but the games played on the Hill last fall show that with a good football coach we could turn out a strong aggregation. It is the great wish of the student body that the Trustees will allow us to put out a football team next year.

The baseball season is just beginning as we go to press. The prospects are good, and the team bids fair to hold up the record for what has been a most successful year in athletics.



Seeing The Same

Baseball Team, 1907



J. R. CROZIER	Coach.
J. B. TURNER	Manager.
L. M. WHITE	Assistant Manager.
W. C. HAMRICK	Captain.
TURNER, J. }	Pitchers.
GAY, }	
WHITE, }	
HAMRICK	Catch.
TURNER, F.	First Base.
COUCH	Second Base.
MORGAN	Third Base.
BENTON	Short-stop.
GREGORY	Left Field.
BEVERLY	Centre Field.
FREEMAN	Right Field.
CREASMAN	Substitute.



BASEBALL TEAM (1906).

DUNN, Mgr. BREWER, F. F. WHITE, P. BENTON, S. S.
 HAMRICK, C. TURNER, E. P. SMITH (Capt.), 3 b. TURNER, L. I. b.
 GOODWIN, C. F. COUCH, 2 b. RICHARDSON, I. F.

Baseball

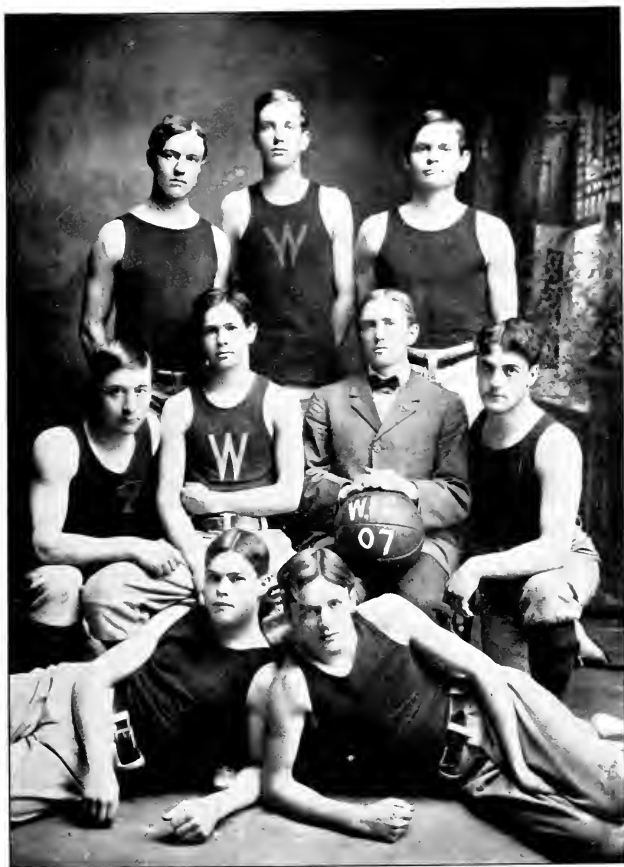


AMONG college sports, baseball stands first. It is peculiarly so at Wake Forest, as we are not allowed to have football, and consequently all our enthusiasm finds vent in baseball. The "Wake Forest spirit" of "never say die" has worked wonders in the past, and so long as we keep up that spirit, we will have good athletics, whether we win or lose.

Last year's team was one of the best we have had in the past few years. True, we did not win a majority of games; but we believe that if there had been more games with the same teams, Wake Forest would have won a large majority of them. A. and M. was beaten for the first time in three years; Davidson we broke even with, and Carolina and Virginia each beat us by only one run. It is only fair to say that but for bad decisions by the umpire at critical moments in both games the result would at least have been a tie. Neither of these teams would give us another game, although we were very anxious for a return engagement, especially with Chapel Hill. Guilford was the only team played that had a distinct advantage over us, and that game was played with neither of our two first pitchers in the box.

With Jim or Gene Turner in the box and Waite Hamrick at the other end, we had a cracker-jack battery. One of the Turners played first, and Couch, Benton and Capt. Smith made out a fast infield. Goodwyn, Richardson, and Beverly were a trio in the infield who had few equals and no superiors, while White and Holding made excellent substitutes. The true worth of the team was shown by the game played at Commencement, in which a crack team of collegians and semi-professionals from Raleigh were shut out by the score of 7 to 0, Wake Forest making only one error and the visitors getting a lone hit of the "scratchiest" variety.

Prospects are bright for this season. Jim Turner, Hamrick, Benton, Couch, Beverly and White are back. There is some excellent new material, and by the time this reaches our readers, we predict that, under Mr. Crozier's guidance, Wake Forest will have won a majority of the games played.



	TURNER	ELLIOTT		GAY	
COUCH	BEVERLY		CROZIER		WHITE
	LITTLE		DUFFY		

BASKET-BALL TEAM.
STATE CHAMPIONS.

Basket-Ball

THIS year marks the closing of our second season of intercollegiate basketball. To say that we had a good team is putting it mildly; to say that we had the best team in the State is more nearly the truth, though that is perhaps not enough.

From a good team last year, the first put out by Wake Forest, we have developed an aggregation that is easily the best team in the State. The first game of the season was played in Durham, and the wearers of the blue put up the hardest kind of a fight. Couch was not able to play, or the score might have been different. Elliott starred, scoring all the points on field goals. His playing, as in all other games, was of the highest order. Wake Forest came out two points in the lead—8 to 6.

The contest with Littleton was little more than a practice game, and Wake Forest rolled up 53 points against 6 for the visitors, all scored on fouls. Every man did star playing. But Guilford made things a little more interesting. In this game Elliott starred, having 12 points out of 27 to his credit. Couch and Little also figured in the scoring, and Beverly and Turner prevented the Quakers from throwing a single field goal.

Trinity at Wake Forest was the last game. It was a rough game from the start, but all our way. Couch made five field goals, and threw several fouls. All the team played together beautifully. In fact, it was altogether the best game of the year, a fitting close for the season.

Elliott and Couch did most of the goal throwing. Little always was of great assistance in getting the ball and in passing. Beverly alternated between forward and guard, doing fine work in both places. Turner and Cay made a most effective pair of guards. White and Duffy played in only a part of one game, but their showing in the practice games was evidence that they would have delivered the goods if called upon. Four straight victories, with a total of 110 points to opponents' 24, gives us an unquestionable claim to the State championship in basket-ball. Mr. Crozier has made an enviable reputation as a coach. He issued a challenge to any team in the South, which none of them saw fit to accept, however.



TENNIS CLUB.

Tennis



IF there is one game in which Wake Forest excels, it is tennis. We have a record unsurpassed in the history of intercollegiate games, having played seven matches and won them all, losing only four sets out of thirty-three, in the past three years.

One secret of our phenomenal success is the spirited tournaments held each fall. This year the playing in the tournament was up to the usual standard. Messrs. Turner and White, although once within only one point of losing their match to Messrs. Vann and Lyles, finally won out. They met Messrs. Poteat and Earnshaw in the challenge match: the first set went to deuce at eight-all, and it was only after one of the most brilliant contests on record that the holders managed to retain their title.

In the singles, Messrs. Turner and Earnshaw made their way without great difficulties to the finals, Mr. Turner, by hard, fast playing, earning the right to play Mr. Poteat for the championship. The challenge match in singles was one long to be remembered. Mr. Poteat won the first set, but lost the second. He was thought to have the advantage by taking the third, but Mr. Turner came right back and captured the fourth set. The playing of both was exceptionally brilliant. After Mr. Poteat had won the first two games of the deciding set, Mr. Turner evened up matters once more, and darkness ended in a tie what was the most hard-fought game ever seen on the Hill. Both men were content to rest on their laurels.

There have been no intercollegiate matches this year up to the present writing, although Messrs. Poteat, Earnshaw and Turner have bested some of the crack players of Raleigh. It is much regretted that the contest with Virginia was not pulled off, and we hope a meet can be arranged with them later on. May Wake Forest continue to retain her unbroken record of victories.



POTEAT EARNSHAW TURNER
TENNIS TEAM.

Song of the "Spongers"



We never go hungry,
We never go dry ;

We smoke our right pipe,
We drink our right rye ;

We never spend money,
We never lose nerve ;

We're always expecting
And awaiting a serve.

Heart's Desire



- To have football—Student body.
- To gain notoriety—Mangum.
- To absorb a rhetoric—Kitchin.
- To make the basket-ball team—Pope.
- To own a private theatrical company—Goodwyn.
- To see the HOWLER go to print—Editors.
- To subscribe to all periodicals published—Josey, R. C.
- To find more big words to use—Turner, J.
- To have as many tennis rackets as possible—Earnshaw.
- To play a whole game without having a foul called on him—Elliott.
- To peruse all the reading-room magazines—Powell, L. M.
- To speak in society every night—Harris, J. P.
- To be a great logician—Speas.
- To get out new styles of post-cards—Carroll, J. D.
- To work an example with which Prof. Lanneau will not find something wrong—Applied Mathematics Class.
- To appear brighter than he really is—Allen, J. E.
- To take Italian and about seven other modern languages—Edwards, G. R.
- To discover as many "pretty specimens" as Prof. Ives—Biology Class.
- To pronounce French correctly—Ford.
- To inspect personally all trains—Cooper, G. B.
- To do away with Chapel exercises—Clark, C. L.
- To make a fortune on *The Weekly*—Gardner.
- To impress the Faculty and students with his dignity—Webb.

A Tribute

[To Rev. W. B. Harrell, author of "Ho! for Carolina!"]



Finished his task, ended his quest,
He comes to lean upon thy breast;
So fold him tenderly to rest,
Carolina.

Serene in spirit, pure in heart,
With consecrated life and art,
He bore for thee a noble part,
Carolina.

From Duty's path he scorned to swerve,
He sought thy highest need to serve,
Thy fame inviolate to preserve,
Carolina.

From freedom's harp he woke the strain
Of glory won on battle plain,
And Peace that bears no servile chain,
Carolina.

His theme with soul-enchanting spell
Bursts fresh from mountain, stream and dell,
And throbs where ocean billows swell,
Carolina.

Silent those lips, but not the song:
It lives thy glory to prolong
And bid thy sons for thee be strong,
Carolina.

Devotion's last sad task is thine;
Garlands about his tomb entwine,
And in all hearts his name enshrine,
Carolina.

CLUBS



The "Posts"



" 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

We, the post-grads, retiring landmarks from the field that has known us all these years, give one more word,—not of Sophomore humor, nor yet of Senior wit, but of solid common sense embodied in a *simple* quotation:

" Lives of great men all remind us
We have made our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Seniors, Juniors, Sophs. and Newish,"

" GORDY " EDWARDS.

" RUFE " FORD.

" JACK " NOWELL.

" LITTLE " SPOON.

" BILLY " WIGGS.

Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together.
Delightful!—now separation—Good-bye, Wake Forest.



THE POST CLUB.

The Smart Set



MOTTO: It is with narrow-minded souls as with narrow-necked bottles—
the less they have in them the more noise they make pouring it out.

COLORS: Red, White and "Blew." FLOWER: Li(e)ly.

SONG: "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

Members

Clodfelter—Authority on Winston-Salem.

John Ray—A hot-air merchant in disguise.

"Pat" *McBrayer*—Talking machine a la Edison.

"Newish" *Leggett*—The orgy direct from Chocowinity oracle.

"Billy" *Wiggs*—Vendor of "Old Head." Knows from experience.

Lipscombe—Little but loud.

Charley Clark—"Nuf said." A millionaire in his dreams.

"Jake" *Newell*—A mountain wonder full of mountain air.

Fratres in Facultate

Prof. Carlyle—Endowment phonetic.

Tom Caldwell—Just opens his mouth and gets out of the way.

Amalgamated Association of Agents



CREED: We believe in the inalienable right of all agents to "butt in" at any and all times; that it is our duty as agents to see every man at least four times about the same thing, and that we are justified in all persuasion, exaggeration and even prevarication, in order to convince our customers of the superior quality of our goods.

PARTICULAR FAILING: Putting the above creed into practice to such an extent as to be detrimental to the peace and quiet of fellow-students.

MAIN OCCUPATION: Extolling the merits of their line and writing ads to go on the tree.

SOLE DRAWBACK OF MEMBERSHIP: Trying to collect for unpaid bills.

Carroll, J. D.—"S. P. C.".....Sub-agent for U. S. postal system.

"See my line of post-cards at 29 Phi End."

Ferrell—"H. S. F.".....Exploiter of floral designs.

"Don't you want some flowers for your girl Anniversary?"

Hamrick, F. B.—"W. B. C.".....Active agent for gents' furnishings.

"Come down and look at our line."

Turner, J.—"H. P. C.".....Advocate of gymnastics and all athletic sports.

"Say, let us sell you a gym. suit."

Bryan, P. Q.—"W. T. P.".....Believer in fine photographic effects.

"How many of these pictures do you want?"

Howard, A. T.—"W. F. P.".....Disciple of good writing.

"Now, here's a good pen, one that will last you all your life."

Vann—"C. H. E.".....Connoisseur of artistic stationery.

Henderson, O. W.—"R. S. C.".....Dispenser of best footwear.

"Boys, this is the best shoe you ever saw for \$4.00."

Wiggs—"A. C. H.".....Exponent of fine-art tailoring.

"Better let my man make your suit."

Weatherspoon, W. H.—"C. S. L.".....Apostle of cleanliness.

"Got any laundry this week?"

Gardner—"W. F. W.".....Official agent of the Press.

"We have by far the best advertising medium in College."

Prof. W. L. Vaughan—"M. T. C.".....Representative in the Faculty.

Seven Serene Seniors



OCCUPATION IN COLLEGE: To shine with such splendid scintillations as to seem safe, sage and sane.

AIM IN LIFE: To secure a sound and safe sinecure.

Succinct Officers

Gardner	Successful President.
Vann	Sarcastic Vice-President.
Turner	Scholarly Secretary.
Weatherspoon	Subservient Treasurer.
Beverly	Senile Historian.
Lennon	Sardonic Poet.
Ferrell	Sirenical Sergeant-at-Arms.

Significant Statements

Weatherspoon	Sonorous Singer.
Gardner	Soporific Snorer.
Vann	Sophisticated Student.
Turner	Sagacious Statesman.
Ferrell	Seductive Sentimentalist.
Beverly	Sedulous Silentary.
Lennon	Supercilious Sebemer.



SEVEN SENIOR SENIORS.

Curly Locks Club



"As the hair is twisted, so the locks will lie."

CONSTANT THOUGHT AND OCCUPATION OF MEMBERS: Primping, curling
and brushing the hair.

CHIEF AIM AND AMBITION: To rival the ladies in artistic head effects.

Members

Creech.....Manipulator of the Curling Tongs.
Stringfield, P. C.....Advocate of Curl Papers.
Anders.....Assiduous Cultivator, with but small success.
Powell, T. M....."I tried hair-pins, but I decided to let mine curl naturally."
Lester.....Miniature Football Hero.
Ray, J. E.....Utilizer of Hair Preparations.
Jenkins, J.....Rival of the Porcupine.
Higgs, W. H....."My hair, like myself, is anxious to rise."

Would-be Members

Sorgee.

Dr. Sikes.

Dr. Sledd.

The Midnight Cohort

Or Jewish Reformers



MOTTO: Do unto others as others have done unto you.

TIME OF OPERATION: When least expected.

OBJECT: To ebonize, by magic touch, the smiling physiognomies
of fresh Newish.

MOTTO: It is better to give than to have received.

SONG: " Every little bit helps.",

Members

Big Dunn	Battering Ram.
Vipperman	Wielder of the Mop.
Cox	" His Acts Speak."
Sawyer	" Words, however, are things."
Elliott	Ladder to Second-story Windows.
Livermore	Concoctor of the Concoction.

Advisory Committee

Collins. Stevens. Dailey. McMillan, H.

Fratres in Facultate

Tom Caldwell. Benjamin Sledd.

Narrator of their Tale of Woe: " Reddy " Johnson.

Testimonials

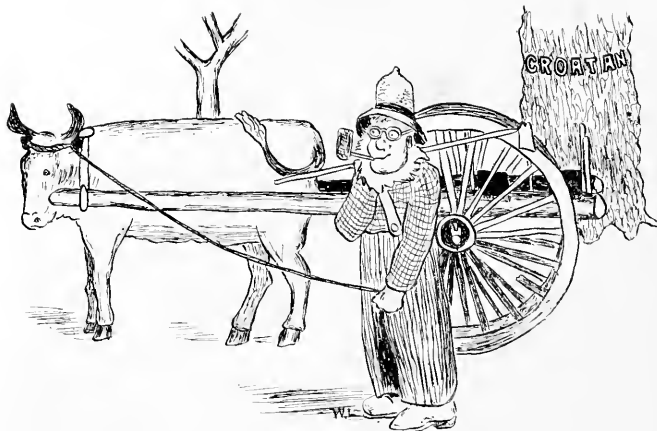
" Have been greatly benefited."—*Hardy*.

" Was completely cured by one application."—*Lipscombe*.

" Helped by first treatment, but shall need more to effect a complete cure."—*Burke, J. H.*

" The best remedy for dissipation."—*Turner, F.*

Other references furnished on application.



Descendants of the Lost Colonists

OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION: To record our peculiarities.
 FAVORITE BOOK: Robeson's Crews. FAVORITE DRINK: Ditch-water.
 CHIEF OCCUPATION: Plowing a steer at home, and bragging abroad.

Most Prominent Croatians

- T. H. Beverly*—A Love-maker and Heart-breaker—Ours by adoption.
W. S. Britt—Stentorian Fog-horn of the Back-woods.
F. T. Collins—A gentle reminder of the days of the past, when the old farm bull let forth his blast.
W. O. Johnson—When he speaketh the heathen cease to rage. "Hear him and be silent."
G. H. Johnson—Verily "Pluto"—the god of the fish-ponds and bogs.
J. E. Kinlaw—Like all other "Newish," he has no business; but tries to attend to it.
W. Lennon—Most "Poets are born, not made"—this one was just stretched out.
I. E. Wishart—A walking proof that a man may be as broad as he is long.
Owen Odum—Ah! friend, 'tis sad you stopped so soon; some day you might have fixed the moon.
B. V. Tynner—Weather bureau commissioner to report atmospheric conditions of the upper regions.

FRATER IN FACULTATE: "Johnnie B."

Our Historic Ancestors

- Henry Berry Lowery*—Father of our Country.
John Abner Barker—His Wise Counsellor.
John D. McAllister—Fit, fled and lied for his country.



THE DESCENDANTS

The Reasoners (?)



HABITAT: Harris' Boarding Club.

TIME OF MEETING: Morning, noon, and night.

OBJECT: To persuade others to our way of thinking by the presentation of argument, and to confound our hearers by the prolixity of our circumlocution, based upon a desire to ostentate our forensic eloquence.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Murdered logic, disrupted rhetoric, and the conglomeration of many words and few thoughts.

Members

Newish Britt.....	{	Great contest follows and much learned dust involves the combatants; each claiming truth and truth dis- claiming both.
"Parade" Webb.....		
Baucom, H. W.....	{	In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill; For e'en tho' vanquished he could argue still.
Bland, D. G.....		
Newish Shipman.....	{	They always talk who never think. My words are only words, and move upon the topmost froth of thought.
Stringfield.....		
Vernon, C.....	{	Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Ferrell.....		
Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.		

FRATRES IN AFRICA: The Chattering Tribe.

The Round Dozen

Liberty Hall '07

& &

Motto

" Hang sorrow; care will kill a cat.

Therefore, let's be merry."

OBJECT: To uphold the doctrines of the Epicureans.

SONGS: " Chicken," and " We won't come home till morning."

PASSWORD: E pluribus unum, sic semper paregoric.

COLORS: Dominecker and Bronze.

TOAST: Loaf bread and butter.

Poem

" Chick " Myers boasts of Wilkes' moonshine,

" Pat " of Shelby's 'simmon beer;

" Bendy " waxes eloquent

On Charlotte's drugstore " cheer."

" Smooks " and " She," from old Bertie,

Praise Scuppernong's fire and dizziness.

" Tony " and " Boots " 've no choice at all—

They soak the whole blame business.

Members

" Big " Fletcher.....Major Domus, and Crackling Artist.

" Flap " Gardner.....Hurler of the Hay Javelin.

" Pat " McBrayer.....Worshipper at the Gravy Shrine.

" Tony " Morgan.....King of Potato Hill.

" Bill " Speas.....Steward of the Beefstew.

" Smiley " Weathers.....Toter of the " Staff of Life."

" Shee " Lassiter.....Merciless Macaroni Masticator.

" Smooks " Brown....."Anything, Lord!"

" Bendy " Willis.....Veritable Cabbage Snake.

" Buck " Davis.....Bologna Bronco Buster.

" Boots " Clark.....Jiu-Jitsu Rice Wrestler.

" Chick " Myers.....Bucolic Apple-butter Gormandizer.

" Ditty " Fletcher.....Music While You Eat.



Mountain Boomers

MORRO: Work while it is night, for the day cometh
when we cannot work.

DRINKS: Mountain dew and spicewood tea.

BUSY SEASONS: Elections and cornshucking time.

TOAST:

Here's to the land where the avalanche rolls,
And the rattlesnakes glide o'er the boulders,
Where the gentlemen dance in buckskin pants,
With jugs upon their shoulders.

Boomers

Bill Speas	High Lord of the Still.
Tom Hayes	Manager of the Sample Department.
"Rambling" Kurfees	Head Salesman of the White Lightning Mfg. Co.
"Grinny" Leonard	Sampler of the Pure Stuff.
W. Hampton	Chief Spy for the Still.
Judge Justice	Chief Attorney for the Boomers.

Other Boomers

Big Hall.
Jo Privette.
"Jonnie" Watson.

S. B. Conly.
J. W. Whitley.
"Johnny" Green.

O. C. Foote.
J. R. Stewart.
"Newish" Shipman.

Hobo Order of Traveling Commissioners



OBJECT: To beat only the "fare." MOTTO: More travel for less money.

SONG:

" See the train go 'round the bend,
Good-bye, old Wake Forest, then."

PASSWORD: " The binding tie." PASTIME: Traveling while others sleep.

SLEEPING APARTMENTS: Undressed lumber.

COLORS: Twilight, gray dawn, and coal black.

" Pat " McBrayer....." Knight of the Rods ".....Gen. Traffic Mgr.
" Sug " Hamrick....." King of the Tender ".....T. P. A.
" Dinky " Clarke....." Mogul of the Bumpers ".....Itinerant Supt.
" Little " Dockery....." Lord of the Top ".....Traveling Auditor.
" Smuts " Ray....." Duke of the Blind ".....Chief Dispatcher.
" Cap " Cooper....." Baron of the Art " Car Inspector and Detective.

Our pamphlet, "Week-end Tours," describing the wonders and grandeur of North Carolina scenery, sent on application. Our dining and sleeping-cars cannot be surpassed for beauty, style, and comfort. Fast schedule and timely stops a specialty. Free transportation. Four solid Pullman trains daily, operated from January 1st to May 25th, 1907. Write for commercial tablet, "Hammer the Hammer."

For further information, apply to

W. C. HAMRICK, T. P. A.,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Cupidites



PURPOSE OF UNION: To further our master's kingdom.

MOTTO: Love is the essence of life; cultivate it.

SONG: "O, promise me."

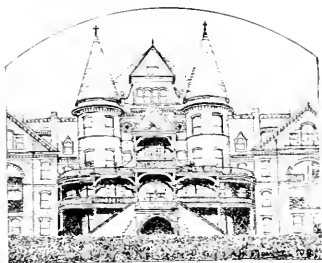
EATABLES AND DRINKABLES: Angel Cake and Nectar of Love.

OCCUPATION, NOT PASTIME: Making Love.

Ed. White.....	Chief Victim and Promulgator of the Order.
Hubert Poteat.....	Ladies' Beau Ideal.
Ted Allen.....	Dexterous Slinger of Cupid's Darts.
Herman Beverly.....	Exponent of Modern Cupidism.
Oscar Mangum.....	Twentieth Century Love Lyrist.
Jesse Gardner.....	Side-Partner of Cupid, and Substitute in Emergencies.
Bruce Powers.....	Barred from Membership on Account of Professionalism.
Lee White,	}Indescribable, but Ardent Disciples.
Ralph Ferrell,	
Dr. W. S. Rankin,	
Dr. L. M. Gaines,	
	}Noted Ex-members.

Occasional Participants

Jack Nowell.	Charlie Leonard.
Paul Bryan.	Vander Couch.
Harvey Vann.	Willie Furman.
Jim Turner.	Pat McBrayer.



The Cupidites' Dream.



The Order of the Lilies



" They toil not, neither do they spin."

WATCHWORD: " We ain't never done nothin' for nobody."

CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC: An insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor.

CHRONIC CONDITION: Sophomorical satisfaction, serenely self-contented.

Charter Members

Outlaw.....	Occupied with Legal Pretenses.
Lee.....	Exponent of Nihilty.
Parker.....	Newish Entertainer
Leggett.....	Prospective Graduate of 1929.
Sawyer.....	Professional Know-it-all.
Clark.....	Good-natured Good-for-nothing.
Dockery Bros.	Punch and Judy.

Honorary

Lord Mayor of Wake Forest.....	Constant Inspiration and Perpetuator of the Order.
--------------------------------	---

Hot-Air Clan



PURPOSE OF ORGANIZATION: To demonstrate the importance of perpetual motion in talking.

MOTTO:

"As the wind listeth whither it bloweth,
So we talketh wherever we goeth."

ARTICLES OF CONSUMPTION:

Potato chips and carbonated water (with plenty of gas).

FAVORITE SONG: "That ain't nothin' but talk."

MEETING PLACE: Drugstore.

Noted Ebullitionists

- "Cholly" Clarke President of the Counter.
 "I want a dope—who wants to match?"
- "Les" Hardy Champion Matcher.
 "Come on, I'm game. Tails, I win. I'll take a 44."
- "Cap" Cooper Arbiter and Dispute Settler.
 "I never refuse—give me a dope."
- "Lawyer" Zollicoffer Legal Adviser.
 "Old in the business, but still active."
- "Bull" Lipscombe Potato Chip Fiend.
 "Heads or tails, call it—on you."

Common Gasers

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| "Judge" Lyon. | "Tip" Lunsford. |
| "Kid" Benton. | "Punch" Early. |
| "Jack" Ray. | "Sug" Hamrick. |
- Patron Saint "Billy" Wiggs.



The Rounders

Ephraim Spark	J. Gardner.
Spivins Snow	T. M. Daniel.
Mrs. Sep White	Frank Turner.
Sep White	G. O. Marshall.
Sigh Headlight	W. Lennon.

Breathes there a man with a heart so light,
 Who never went to bed at night,
 Who ne'er the art of gambling knew,
 Or never drew the billiard cue,
 Who never shot a game of crap,
 Or got into a bar-room scrap,
 Who stole no hens to make no pies,
 Nor ne'er went broke nor told no lies—
 High though his title, proud his name,
 If he's ne'er won a poker game,
 Nor in the same had luck to lose,
 Robbed no banks nor drunk no booze—
 Who never broke his country's law,
 Nor sucked no eider through a straw,
 No razors drew, nor beat no freights,
 Nor run no bluffs nor broke no dates:
 Here into the world he sprung,
 "Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."



Who Doubts This?



- What fools these mortals be!—*Critics of Drag E*
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are s r.—*Ford and Gar er.*
 Many a man's tongue makes out his master's un —*Clark, L.*
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions as maids of n do of puppy dogs.—
Ray, J. E.
 Thou pendulum 'twixt a smile and a tear.—*Pt son.*
 O, blest with temper whose unclouded ray can make to-morrow as cheerful
 as to-day.—*Elliott, K.*
 That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.—
Kitchin.
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.—*Sawyer.*
 Carey speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice.—
Taylor, C. B.
 He was a man of unbounded stomach.—*Singleton.*
 Wise in his own conceit.—*Edwards, F.*
 A large inventory of his own commendations.—*Conn.*
 Naught but a valiant voice.—*W'catherspoon, J. B.*
 Ye gods, I'll take this offered means of my escape.—*Newish.*
 He mouths a sentence as a cur mouths a bone.—*Speas.*
 Sometimes the Devil doth preach.—*White, E. E.*
 Which, though it goes backward, thinks that it goes right, because it goes its
 own way.—*Brown, A. M.*
 Then he will talk. Good gods! How he will talk.—*Taylor, C. B.*
 You beat your pate and fancy wit will come; knock as you please, there's
 nobody at home.—*Joscy, R. C.*

In June



Ah, to breathe the fragrant air in the June's fair weather !
When the great earth stretches, yawns, draws its knees together.

Ah, to be a shepherd lad in the June's fair weather !
In a field of velvet wide, where the white flocks tether.

Ah, to love as lovers do, in the June's fair weather—
Waiting at some trysting spot, hidden by the heather.



FIRST TENOR.....P. C. Clodfelter.
 SECOND TENOR.....W. L. Curtis
 FIRST BASS.....W. Lennon.
 SECOND BASS.....J. E. Ray, Jr.



Art Club



W. LENNON.
W. L. CURTIS.

R. M. NORMENT, JR.
H. FLOWERS.

Story of the Year



- Aug. 27.—All leave home.
Aug. 28.—Reach Wake Forest. Everybody glad to see everybody else—except the Newish.
Aug. 29.—Registration—a serious inconvenience of college life.
Aug. 30.—Newish meet Prof. Sledd. They do not form a very favorable opinion of him.
Aug. 31.—Seniors go on first Psychology recitation. All decide to make a fine mark.
Sept. 7.—Seniors all change their mind.
Sept. 11.—Senior class meeting. Most grave and dignified assemblage.
Sept. 13.—Applications for degrees. Class much larger than at any other time.
Sept. 14.—Newish "ride the goat." Results of two weeks legging compared.
Sept. 17.—Clee Club trials. Future grand opera stars blossom forth.
Sept. 20.—Junior Class meeting. Great expectations.
Sept. 21.—Sophomore Class meeting; everybody disgusted except the officers.
Sept. 26.—Newish meeting. Triumphant beginning, calamitous ending. Police intervention proves futile.
Oct. 3.—Subjects of theses submitted. Many men of many minds.
Oct. 18.—State Fair at Raleigh. We see our sisters and the other fellow's as well, spend all our money, and stay broke for a month afterwards.
Nov. 29.—Thanksgiving. Victory over Mercer in debate.
Dec. 13.—Examinations. Horrid nightmares realized.
Dec. 21.—Home for the holidays.
Dec. 31.—Reports received. Ingenious explanations in order.
Jan. 1.—Back again. Santa Claus donates some "Christmas gifts" that nobody else wanted.
Jan. 2.—Sad reflections on past enjoyment.
Jan. 16.—Class meeting. Waterloo of caps and gowns.
Feb. 15.—Anniversary! Great celebration, sorrowful aftermath. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."
Feb. 19.—Baseball candidates called out. Prospects better than ever before.
March 5.—Candidates fewer, likewise prospects.
March 8.—Senior speaking. "Parvum in multo."
March 15.—HOWLER goes to press. Great rejoicing among the editors.
March 23.—Logic exam. "O infandum!"
April 1.—Easter Monday. We all go to Raleigh.
April 10.—Frantic rush by Seniors to remove conditions.
May 1.—Theses submitted. Great disturbance in the literary world.
May 13.—Final exams. The sins of neglect visited upon us.
May 22.—Trouble ended, joy begins.
May 24.—Commencement! Seniors become heroes for the time being.
May 25.—Last good-byes are said, all leave for home, and the college year is ended.

A Certain Nook



A blackthorn screen
Bursting May-white above its April green.

Dew-laden grass
Sloping to where slow-clinging brook-forms pass.

Long willow-bredes
Low-dipping, toss a shower of iris beads

Into the stream
Where sporting Naiads spray-wreathed loll and dream.

An old gray stone,
Moss-fringed, jutting mid stream where I alone

May come and pore
Upon the limpid depths, while that strange lore

In ancient scroll
Or tome, vain-sought, throbs through my charmed soul.

That Reminds Me



FRESHMAN.—"Where can I get cheap board?"

WISE SOPH.—"You can get board (bored) at the Laboratory free."

FERRELL, while listening to the rendering of a very classical number at a B. U. W. recital, remarked to his friend: "That reminds me of 'Waltz me around again, Willie.'"

PROFESSOR.—"Mr. ———, what is the rule for subtraction of fractions?"

NEWISH.—"Reduce to a common denominator and subtract the greater from the less."

NEWISH J. (to postmaster).—"Give me my mail, please. I have forgotten the composition on my lock-box."

SOPH. HANKINS.—"Gee, wouldn't it be tough luck to have your father marry again and bring home a mother-in-law?"

CLODFELTER (to Senior Morgan).—"I made quite a hit on the Glee Club trip. You see I am rather full and handsome in the face, while the other boys are sallow-faced and peaked."

NEWISH JOSEY (to Kitchin).—"There's a regular *epidermic* of measles in the Infirmary."

SOPH. WEST.—"What will it cost me to have a dozen life-size pictures made?"—and then he wondered why the photographer laughed.

NEWISH CLAYTON.—"We will commence the 'mute' court this week."



W. H. WEATHERSPOON.



F. F. BROWN.

MERCER DEBATORS.



A Sylvian Lay

When Sylvia smiles
What wanton wiles
Her laughing lips portray !
But ah, the meaning of those smiles
My heart dares not to say,
But this I know, whene'er she smiles
I bask in balmy weather,
Ah, could I but that smile compel
To linger on, forever !

When Sylvia frowns
Nor kings nor crowns
Would dare her wrath essay ;
The sun may redden all the sky
Nor chase the gloom away,
But this I know, whene'er she frowns,
Tho' hidden 'neath a veil,
Her beauty holds me still enthralled
Within a magic pale.

When Sylvia weeps
What sorrow creeps
Within my aching heart !
The hidden spring of bitter tears
Will all unbidden start,
But this I know, whene'er she weeps
The skies are leaden gray,
I'd give my very life to keep
Those foolish tears away.



O. R. MANGUM,
Phi. Editor-in-Chief.



C. B. TAYLOR,
Eu. Editor-in Chief.



W. H. WEATHERSPOON,
Business Manager.



L. B. WEATHERS,
Eu. Associate Editor.



T. N. HAYES,
Phi. Associate Editor

STUDENT EDITORS.

The Dramatic Club



WE take great pleasure in presenting to the public this brief mention of some of the more important productions given by local talent during the past session. A glance at the names of the several stars is sufficient evidence that the theatre-going contingent of Wake Forest have experienced rare dramatic treats. It is hoped that *next year our repertoire will be enlarged.*

Mr. Ralph Ferrell and Mr. Paul Bryan in the title roles gave a finished production of *Romeo and Juliet*. The love scenes were especially well interpreted.

Dr. Gorrell, supported by a strong cast, made an admirable *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice." "My ducats! O, my ducats."

Mr. Henry Dockery and Mr. William Dockery made a great hit as the twin brothers *Antipolus of Ephesus* and *Antipholus of Syracuse*, in "The Comedy or Errors."

Mr. Edwin Cooke also gave satisfaction as "The Darling of the Gods," as did Mr. Leslie Hardy as "Jack Rance, Gentleman Gambler," in "The Girl of the Golden West."

In "The New York Idea," Messrs. Elliott B. Earnshaw, Hubert M. Poteat, and William H. Vann gave a most artistic interpretation of their respective roles, being happy in the comedy scenes.

The season closed with a grand scenic production of "Alice in Wonderland," with the following star cast:

MR. JOHN THOMAS BLAND. MR. DEE CARRICK. MR. BUNYAN Y. TYNER.	{ALICE, in various stages of development.
--	---	---

"My, but it feels curious to be changing size so often!"

DR. SLEDD.....The Queen.

"Off with their heads!" (Spoken to Junior English Class.)

MR. CHARLES A. LEONARD.....The Cheshire Cat.

"It vanished quite slowly, ending with the grin."

MR. OSCAR R. MANGUM.....The Duchess.

"And the moral of that is, try to help other folks manage their own affairs."

MR. RUFUS PEARSON.....The Mad Hatter.

"I haven't the slightest idea."



STEVENS.

SWEET.

BEVERLY.

NASSEY.

VERNON.

TURNER.

HAYES.

NEWELL.

ANNIVERSARY OFFICERS.



CARROLL.

HAMPTON.

MANGUM.

ALLEN.

KOPPERS.

McKINNEY.

ANNIVERSARY MARSHALS.

'Tis 'En So



You look wise—pray correct that error.—*Netwell*.

He brays the laureate of the long-eared kind.—*Clodfelter*.

His face reminds one of a full moon.—*Netwell*.

Not all the pumice of the polished town, Can smooth the roughness of the barnyard clown.—*Stephens*.

His only books were women's looks, and folly's all they taught him.—*Powers, B.*

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, he like to have been.—*Miss Edwin Cooke*.

A word to the wise is resented.—*Netwell*.

Some to slight meaning make pretence, but Julian never deviates into sense.—*Lunsford*.

A loud laugh bespeaks a vacant mind.—*Anders*.

They who in quarrels interpose, must often wipe a bloody nose.—*McCullers*.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!—*Broten, J.*

You are as a candle, the better part burnt out.—*Hill, J. B.*

A long tall green 'un.—*Gulley, T.*

Learned, without sense, and venerably dull.—*Britt*.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well craves a kind of wit.—*McBrayer, C. B.*

A shallow brain behind a serious mask.—*Tilley*.

Who can foretell for what high cause this darling of the gods was born?—*Stringfield*.

A long-tongued, babbling gossip.—*Parker*.

Would that he knew the extent of his knowledge.—*Dunn, R.*

If it is a sin to covet notoriety, I am the most offending soul alive.—*Mangum*.

That inimitable and ubiquitous beguiler.—*Foote*.

He wears a plug, therefore let him pass for a man.—*Allen, J. E.*

For they rush in where angels fear to tread.—*Sophs.*

I don't know what his brain is made of, unless it be Savoy cabbage.—*Pearson*.

Before he was blacked, he owned the whole College, now he is only a stockholder.—*Lipscomb*.

One eternal question.—*Johnson*.



SAMBO MAKING A NOISE LIKE A STUDENT

A Sophomore's Ideal



Give me my cig. and my cane,

And let me go to the train ; ;

For I'm a dead-game sport—

Heart-breaking is my fort.

At the ball game I will bawl,

And dry my nose with a dollar bill,

And then I'll outcuss all

The cussers from Cussingville.

These are the wisest steps

To astonish the Fresh. and Preps.

I hate a Prep. like a Christian hates sin,

For he shows me the state that I once was in.

I'll sport this year,

But next year I'll settle,

And work like a Turk

For the Junior mettle.



GREEN

JOHNSON.

McLENDON.

LESSON

PERRELL.

BEVERLY

WEATHERSPON

HAYS

TURBER.

SENIOR SPEAKERS.



Important



Information Desired on the Following Subjects



- Why Mangum is so covetous of notoriety?
- When Charlie Leonard doesn't smile?
- Why Curney Brown joined the student choir?
- Why Ted, Allen is called "sheep"?
- When certain members of the Glee Club will average eighty?
- Why Jim Turner is averse to going to Raleigh on Sunday afternoons?
- Why Cap. Cooper insisted that three dollars was the price of a dozen American Beauties?
- Why Hubert Poteat speaks in such glowing terms of the post-graduate work at B. U. W.?
- When Newish Hardy will cease to bore us with the glories of Arizona?
- Why Oliver has so much respect for alumni?
- Why Pat McBrayer is so fond of psychology?
- When Kitchin will cease to be homesick?
- Why Elvington and Jamie Vernon visit the Infirmary so often?
- What made Dr. Paschal cut off his moustache?
- Who stole the peanuts?
- Why Prof. Eatman went to the post-office at ten o'clock on the night of the Rankin-Caines serenade?
- Why the Monumental Tailoring Company did such a rushing business among the Newish?



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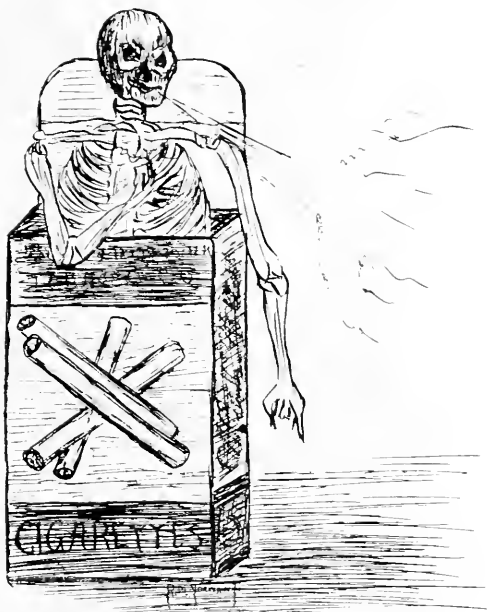


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Athletic Editor.



H. A. JONES,
Y. M. C. A. Editor.

STAFF OF WAKE FOREST WEEKLY.



THE MUSIC BOX THAT PLAYS BUT
ONE TUNE!—

"ANOTHER LITTLE JOB FOR THE UNDERTAKER"

College Dictionary



All to the mustard—Weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

Anniversary invitation—Something we feel duty-bound to send, but which we fear will be accepted.

Baseball team—A good one: something we always want. An ordinary one: something we always have.

But 'em out—To deal to the professor a solar plexus by an exact repetition of the book, calling for not less than 95.

Bird—A bull removed one degree: a modified form of the same species.

Bored—Mentally asphyxiated.

Broke—Financially defunct.

Bughouse—A superficial fungus growth on the brain, resembling a mixture of sawdust and green cheese.

Bull—The real thing. A No. 1, in his particular line of business.

Bust—A mental explosion.

To make a bust—To lose so far the grip on your ignorance as to display an unusual amount of assininity.

Clubs—Cannibal cafés which deal out packing-house sundries.

College spirit—Absolute nihilism.

Contingent—That which may or may not happen.

Contingent deposit—A sum you may or may not get back.

Drag—To overwhelm your opponent with such irresistible wit that he shall feel like a punctured 30-cent piece.

Examination—An index to our intellectual capabilities.

Flunk—The point on the College thermometer indicating five degrees below freezing, or seventy above absolute zero.

Football team—The substance of things hoped for.

Funk— H_2S —A chemical preparation used in disinfecting Newish.

Highball—To propel one's self with greatly accelerated motion to a far and distant clime.

Jack—An ever-present help in time of trouble.

Legging—The art of slinging soft slush effectively, especially toward a member of the Faculty.

Newish—?

Nifty—The perfection of perfectness.

Peactery—The state of having soap bubbles on the brain.

President's office—Twentieth century Bluebeard's chamber.

Probation—Living in death; the constant fear of an invitation to the Faculty receptions.

Reading-room—Modern cold storage plant.

Reports—Exaggerated statements of our mental deficiency.

Society orator—He who can emit the greatest volume of gas in a given length of time.

Spicl—To perpetrate a concatenated conglomeration of effulgent scintillations.

Note—No questions regarding the authenticity and correctness of these definitions will be answered later than March 15th.



A COLLEGE BOY'S WINNING HAND—THREE WAGS AND A PAIR OF TENS

Just a Little Pungent



NEWTSH BEST, seeing Powers, B., going across the campus with a drum, inquired of an oldish, "What is he going to do with that wash-tub?"

JOSEY, R. C. (to Bryan)—"Say, can a fellow buy Howler's (Huyler's) candy at the drugstore here?"

PROFESSOR (on geometry)—"Mr. Taylor, what is axiom 1?"

NEWTSH TAYLOR,— "Things that are equal are equal to each other."

ADAMS, after returning to his room one night from a Glee Club concert, was heard to remark rapturously while gazing at himself in a mirror, "Man, O man! verily thou art a genius."

The following verse of poetry was copied from Kitchin's Latin prose composition, page 168:

To —————

"I was thinking of the shores by the waters caressed,
Of the many times your little hand I've pressed:
How of all on earth, I love you best of any,
Tell me, darling, are my thoughts worth a penny?"

The Tribette Scholarship



IT was a part of my nature—that strange aversion to female society. I had never been able to dissect it, to find from whence it came, or what 'twas made of; I only knew that from my earliest recollections whenever or wherever in the presence of woman, there arose in me a feeling which, for lack of a better term, I can only describe as a feeling of general want-wittedness. And once in possession of me, as long as I was in feminine presence it held me, suffering fluctuations, of course, varying usually inversely with acquaintanceship, but in some degree of intensity always there until the influence was removed; then quite as inexplicably it would leave me, as one who is awakened from an unpleasant dream wondering but uninformed of the source or nature of the experience through which he has just gone. A family legend held—at first I gave it little thought or credence—that once in some far-off time a male progenitor had been given to a spirit of intimidation, almost brutality, toward his family, and that the little delicate sweet-souled lily-flower of a wife had paled away and died under his tyranny. The penalty inflicted upon the unnatural husband for this high crime was a curse that no masculine off-spring should ever stand at his ease in the presence or regard of woman.

And the pity of it—"Ah, the pity of it, Iago!"—we were just as emotional, just as passionate, just as amorous as any of the race.

With the completion of my high-school days, in view of my unfortunate nature, I had come to regard myself as one of the unfavored ones of the earth, over whom, for no reason of their own, a kind of ignoble destiny hangs. In a spirit of injured pride and self-defence, I assumed an attitude of blind recklessness, believing that for this inferiority along one line I was destined to be a failure in all others. During that high-school period I was daily associated with blossoming womankind, and true to boyish nature, had my passionate attachment, my *pro tempore* infatuation, but with little advancement toward the adored one because with my diffidence around me I was like one in a race encumbered with heavy chains. But the golden days of college life were just ahead, where a glimpse of a pretty face was only occasional or a tantalizing smile a matter of extreme rarity.

It is difficult, even for the most cultivated mind, under new scenes and totally different circumstances, to hold to past experiences as real. Gradually and without complaint they slip from the field of living beings and, like forsaken things,

fade away and die under the influence of new impressions. Upon my entrance in college dawned a new era for me—interesting, vast. After only a passing familiarity with the associations of those hallowed walls, I found I had little time for older memories; lost they were and irrevocably in the hurry and fascination of the new life—the swirl, the work, and the dreams.

Three years of the phantom life passed in one, two, three order—phantom because of its flatness, and to me especially so from the satisfaction it brought, the most complete of my life. Under the duress of that first year my old weakness was quite forgot, and out of that year I came not only successful but, contrary to my greatest expectations, a figure in the class. The second was begun auspiciously, and from then until my fourth a record of almost unbroken successes. Honors, dignities, responsibilities were heaped upon me, concerning which I acquitted myself with repute and increasing self-respect and emulation. Meanwhile, I had forgotten that some warriors are Amazons, and not all Greeks, among whom experience had taught me to take my stand with becoming confidence.

At last, in my fourth year, there was only one prize worth considering before me, and toward that I had directed all my energies since coming to my own. The Trivette Scholarship was the highest award, and by far the most substantial, within the gift of the institution. Other honors had come to me unsought, but this one I held to be the one conquest worthy of any man's golden efforts. It was offered only every three years, purely on merit, and provided for extensive study and travel abroad. College record from almost every standpoint was considered; any member within certain age limits was allowed to enter; but not even then was the place always filled, for the requirements were so high that sometimes three whole years failed to produce a worthy candidate. To the student of scholarly inclinations it was a prize indeed.

In any case the fates, otherwise perhaps neglectful, seemed singularly kind. At the end of three years there was only one possible opponent, and the records were materially in my favor. The fourth year was begun with renewed hopes and aspirations. The fall term sped rapidly away, with no flagging in my popularity and with a gratifying increase in my prospects for the coveted prize. The only thing in front was the final test three months off, and less—*much* less—depended upon that than upon the record. I was elated. Almost I had begun already to taste the fruits of victory.

Midway the spring term of each year was a public affair given by the college and participated in specially by the classes. It lasted a day and night, with thousands of visitors from all parts of the country. Decidedly it was *the* social function of the whole college year. Preliminary to it was much and careful preparation, notably among which was the election of various officers to hold

forth upon the occasion. In the distribution of these there fell to my lot a place of prominence, one that made almost imperative the attendance of a lady. The place came to me unsolicited, but I was disposed to accept it, perfectly sensible, of course, of the obligation it conferred. In the pride of my conquest, I held no memory of old defects, or if I remembered I was willing and perhaps eager to renew the conflict with them, confident of success.

Two weeks before the event in question I was busy ransacking my naturally scanty storehouse of female acquaintances for a suitable companion. An unusual employment at best, it was a difficult matter to settle to my entire satisfaction. But as a choice had to be made, I at last hit upon the pretty daughter of Judge Farron, a schoolmate of earlier days who was high in my esteem. The decision made, in addition to a formal invitation I wrote her a little epistle politely urging her to come; and as I penned it a finger trembled a little and perhaps I felt a slight flush, but no matter, 'twas so insignificant I scarcely noticed it.

A week passed by—it was only another till the event was to come off—and with thoughts recurring to the possibilities of it, I could not but be slightly wrought up with anticipation. The matter of making arrangements I had purposely delayed for a little while, not that I was at all dubious of the outcome, I flattered myself, but because—well, I always found something else to do. A letter from Miss Farron came, with profuse regrets that she couldn't come. That possibility had hardly occurred to me. What was I to do? Time was short and I must not be found wanting. For a few minutes I floundered hopelessly around in a sea of perplexity. A moment of introspection would have revealed that I was becoming just a little nervous.

It was while in this dilemma that a chum approached me. Had I my arrangements complete for the reception? If not, he had a proposition for me. Offer of assistance was by no means unwelcome, so I gave him my heed at once. Dr. Ridley, of the faculty, had just informed him that he expected a niece from a distance to attend the exercises, and that an escort for her would be appreciated. If I had not an engagement already, why not this one? He vouched for the Doctor's assurance that she was young, pretty and winsome.

At mention of Dr. Ridley's name I winced a little. College physician and prominent member of the faculty, he was the only officer of the institution whose support, I felt, I could not count upon in the coming contest for the Trivette Scholarship. With the students he stood none too high in estimation of integrity and character; gruff and ungenerous but extremely politic, he was indebted for his prominence in college matters to his experience and diplomacy, rather than to his spotlessness and rectitude as a man. That I had ever given him cause for dislike I was not aware, nor could I say that he had shown me open hostility; still the fact remained that my competitor for the coveted honor was a close friend of

his, if not a kinsman, for whom there was no limit to his favors, and from *little things* I gathered that his disposition toward me was none too favorable. I was just on the point of refusing to profit from my friend's suggestion when upon reflection I questioned who knew but that this might be a means for winning the Doctor's good will? Two minutes after my companion was on his way to inform the doctor that I would be only too glad to make the engagement, leaving me not quite sure that I would not be greatly relieved when the affair was over.

The nearer the eventful day the more it occupied my thoughts, and the more thought I gave it the more restless I grew, until I wished with all my heart it were through with. But of course I should have resented any insinuation that I was excited or at all dreaded the ordeal. Thursday night came—Friday was the day for the great social break in the routine of our work—and I confessed, to myself, that my sleep for a night or two had been less peaceful than formerly. But when I tried to analyze my condition for the cause I could get no deeper than that I was busy ruminating on the expected event.

If I closed my eyes in sleep at all that night, it was in a kind of delirium, from which the waking was so much better than the sleep. And in those few scattered moments of wretched somnolency what dreams came! Fierce Amazons in warlike array deported themselves about my bedside, or hordes of them formed in battle-line against me and charged to transfix me with a million pikes. Ghastly women in flowing white cerements sported tirelessly on the airy stairways of my chamber, grinning at me all the time with a fearful *knowingness*. The night stretched before me, whether asleep or awake, a long black horror.

Morning brought some respite from my mental disorder. It seems paradoxical, but change merely the time of day sometimes and the man's whole nature seems changed likewise. The difference in my case, however, was not so marked. I was visibly myself again, but when I tried to summon something of the old expectation of approaching conquest I found no response. My courage, when I looked for it, had all oozed away like water in sand. As the morning wore on, an uncertain dread began to gnaw at my bosom and before long was ransacking my whole system in nervous twitching. At the noon hour news comes to me that Dr. Ridley was very busy, and would the young man who was to attend his niece at the reception meet her on the mid-afternoon train? At this my nervousness, which had shown increasing zeal, settled mercilessly into a dumb terror. And to add to my consternation, a telegram was handed me from a member of last year's class. He had intended to meet his fiancée at L.—and come with her to the exercises, but had missed his train. The burden of his message was, take care of Lily until he came at seven. There is a limit to all things human, and this last stood in that relation to my endurance. I sat down to dinner with the others, but food was not what I needed. "Why, what's the matter?" asked a friend

from across the table. "I am deathly sick," was my reply, and rising hastily I sought my room.

Sympathy poured in upon me from fellow students, that I was likely to miss the exercises, where my presence seemed well-nigh indispensable. Dr. Ridley was sent for.

"What a collapse!" said he, feeling my pulse and scanning me carelessly. "Nerves all wrought up; been studying too hard, eh?" (The final test for the Trivette Scholarship was to come in only ten days.) "You'll have to stay in and be quiet for awhile till you can collect yourself," he continued, administering medicine and advice together. And with what seemed to me just the shadow of a malignant smile the huffy old doctor left the room.

Somehow he seemed to carry a kind of evil spell with him. Meanwhile a singular feeling of ease had crept over me; wasn't it fortunate that they did not know the real cause of my distress! Expressions of sorrowful regret followed at my unfortunate condition just at that time. Sweetness came to me at their delusion, but at the same time I could have stood sponsor for my own hanging, so disgusted was I at my unparalleled trepidation.

The exercises passed off smoothly, almost brilliantly, I understood. With the immediate cause of my malady removed, I was almost myself again, except that I had drifted into a state of low-spiritedness, inertia, indisposition to turn my hand to anything. The Doctor visited me occasionally, but would not consent to my resuming my work. His niece, I was told, was a charmer, a judgment in which I heartily concurred, having glimpsed her once from my window.

A week passed, and still I was kept idle. Another slow twenty-four hours was added to the list; only two days remained until the final effort was to be made for the great scholarship. The thought of it was elixir in my veins. I was overflowing with renewed energy, not doubting I would be allowed to stand, and commented upon my impatience when the Doctor came in the next morning. At this the man of medicine straightened his huge frame to its full height, and I thought I could see a kind of demoniac leer play about his face as he said, "Young man, you had better wait till I tell you to get out!" With that he strode from the room.

For a moment I was dazed. Was the hope and work of years to be lost by this unlucky circumstance? I sprang to my feet. Could not the time be changed? No, that was fixed! Then I would stand anyway, despite the Doctor's authority! But no, he was a member of the body through which election was to come, and physical qualifications were dependent upon his approval! He could turn me down if he chose. It is needless to add that I was noticeably worse that night.

All the next day while the examination was in progress I had enough to do.

There was only one candidate, my compeer of the class of the year before. But I too was busy—and all that night—thinking, thinking. By morning I had reached a conclusion. Plainly the Doctor had taken advantage of his position to deprive me, almost certainly, of the scholarship, the one ambition of my life! I'd!—what was the rest of the term worth?

I dressed myself with scrupulous care of my toilet, and at a morning hour when the Doctor was sure to be in, I made my way toward his office—the blue sky overhead, the solid ground underneath, the sun in the heavens, birds on the wing,—and a grim determination in my heart. Unceremoniously I entered, to find the Doctor's ungainly frame bending over his desk. Upon hearing me, he turned, and flush overspread his countenance. Undaunted, there I stood and reproached him for his perfidy, and in an instant later his herculean figure and my spare one were mixed and grappling about the room in tumultuous riot. Back and forth we swayed like two frenzied school-boys, each doing his utmost for the mastery. But the Doctor's massive frame was too much for me, weakened as I was by his physic. At th's distant date I recall a mad struggle for a brief space, a heavy fall, a sharp blow or two upon my head from a hard instrument, and I lost consciousness.

I could not have been totally unconscious long; there followed a period in which I seemed only faintly aware of existence. But in that brief interval I had time to take note of a soft, velvety hand passed lightly over my face several times. The air seemed surcharged with various odors; then I heard a sharp reproach from a gentle female voice, followed by an uncertain answer in the gruff tones of the Doctor. The sound of the gruff voice acted like a stimulant on me; I shuddered, seemed to debate with myself for half a second whether to awake or relapse into dreamlessness again, and opened my eyes.

A slender female form was bending over me with startled, anxious face, and with deft hands that seemed made for brushing aside all the distresses of a world was applying to my forehead and temples restoratives for my recovery. At the first signs of my returning consciousness, the Doctor had glided from the room.

I lay for some time in quiet wonder at my situation, lost in admiration of the fair one before me. She was first to break the silence.

"I am Viola Ridley," said she in a sweet voice. "Uncle has just informed me who you are. I was coming for a walk when I heard the tumult and entered without knocking just in time to see him strike you." And the look she gave me as she turned her gaze full upon me must have been akin to the concern a pitying angel shows in its compassion for a suffering mortal. Such a look must have confounded me utterly once, but now it was as a pleasing cordial to my benumbed senses.

"Why did you do it?" she questioned further.

I was aroused to a true sense of my position and started up. Aware that she would hardly understand, or would, perhaps, misconstrue my motives, I offered only a brief explanation; then thinking it best to avoid further rencontre with the Doctor, I poured out a profusion of thanks for her service and prepared to depart.

But once at the door, I returned to grasp her hand and protest again and again my obligations to her. It occurred to me then that nothing of my old trouble had returned, and my sensible lack of it was somewhat bewildering. I know she must have thought me, poor fellow, demented still.

As I walked away, I was conscious of a pair of eyes regarding me through the window, and as of old my nature responded to the influence, but how differently!—then with extreme confusion, now with a feeling of transportation to the stars. Had the order of the universe changed?

Of course I was arraigned before the authorities for my intolerable behaviour, and was suspended from school. But of what consequence was that to me? I had thought of prosecuting the Doctor by process of law, but two months later when I read in an evening paper that he had "retired from active service in the college on account of ill health," I was satisfied. I knew, and I knew that all interested knew, that a committee of the trustees had investigated the matter and advised his withdrawal. The college was rid once and for all of his obnoxious presence.

The next commencement I was duly awarded my diploma, and not without distinction. And greater still, just one year later, as I stood in the parlor of the far-away house of pretty little Viola Ridley holding her fairy hand, *without embarrassment*, after having made a fuller explanation—and confession, too—than the one made on that eventful morning when I met her. And I felt more kindly disposed than I ever had been before toward the old man who had lost me

THE TRIVETTE SCHOLARSHIP.

Dr. Tom

[When the "Moonlight Quartette" sings "Carry me Back to Old Virginyne,"]



"Carry me back ter ole Virginyne"—
Boys, sing me dat song jes one mo' time.
It brings back de days on de ole plantation,
Again I heah dem bells in de ole fiel' chime.

Up in ole Virginyne,
When de da'kies am a-bringin'
De cows ter be milked at de close ob day;
Seems I kin heah dem bells
Down de shady lane a-tingin',
Slow an' kinder solem lak, fah, fah away.

"Carry me back ter ole Virginyne"—
Dat am de place whuh I was bawn;
Deh in de cabin on de ole plantation,
Hed 'mongst de beans and de roas'in co'n,
Up in ole Virginyne.
Whuh de honey bees am hummin'
An' roun' de cabin do' de pickaninnies play—
Peers dat I kin heah
Dem banjo strings a-trummin'
Low an' kinder dreamy lak, fah, fah away.

"Carry me back ter ole Virginyne"—
Meh heart am a-longin' once mo' ter roam
Ovuh de fiel's uv de ole plantation—
Longin' fer ter be wid de ole folks at home.
Up in ole Virginyne,
Whuh de willow boughs am swingin'
'Fo' de cabin do, at de close ob day:
Listen! In de twilight
Dem da'kies am a-singin'
Sad an' kinder lonesome lak, fah, fah away.

A Mutual Misunderstanding



"Ladies and Gentlemen!"

The speaker paused a moment, then:

"Ladies and Gentlemen!"

This time he shifted his weight over to his left foot, ran his fingers through his hair, and once more, with a final attempt at oratory, reiterated the words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" This time, however, with the emphasis on the last word.

The exertion proved too much for him, and he dropped limply to the ground—all he said was:

"Confound it!"

With this he leaned back, his head resting on the moss-covered rock behind him. He let his eyes rest lazily on the beautiful things about him; then he sighed,—not a "sigh of content," such as you sometimes read about, but a tempestuous, long-drawn sigh.

The ground was carpeted with graceful, lace-like ferns and glossy heart-leaves. A muscadine grape-vine, laden with bloom, climbed riotously over a young water-oak, while from across the stream was borne the sweet, rank odor of the wild magnolia.

Right in the middle of the little brawling stream lay an immense mill-stone, worn and discolored. People said that once, years ago, this had been the site of an old mill, so the place was called "Mill Seat." Here it was that aspiring young orators from the college nearby came to practice their speeches.

It was for this purpose that Barton Hunt had come here this afternoon, but instead of becoming oratorical on "The Future of Our Country," as he had intended, here he was, lolling on a bank of ferns, eyes half closed, a frown on his handsome, sunburned face.

Suddenly he began talking to himself—an odd habit he had:

"'Senior Medal for Improvement in Oratory'"—he was quoting, and his tone was full of scorn.

"Bother! I'm no orator, and I think the old man ought to know it by this time. Wants me to 'try for the medal'! Humph! I don't want any old medal—think they're mighty tacky, myself!"

But it was not until he reached down in his pocket and pulled out a letter that a note of real trouble crept into his voice.

It was written in a slanting, angular hand, on heavy, gray note paper.

Bart drew it out of its envelope and read slowly to himself:

"'My Dear Mr. Hunt.' *Mr. Hunt!* Since when, I wonder? Yesterday afternoon I was 'Bart.' Dear me! As long as we've known each other, this is the first time—" He did not finish his sentence, but read on:

"I am in a great hurry this morning, but I must tell you that since hearing the remark you made about me, I have come to the conclusion that our friendship—in fact, our acquaintance—must cease. It is useless to repeat the remark,—of course you would only deny having said it. Do not try to explain; I think explanations almost always make matters worse.

"I am sorry, but it must be so.

"Hurriedly,

ELLICE CARTWRIGHT.

"P. S.—I enclose your fraternity pin—and I would like my picture."

"Well, that's a freezer, and no mistake," he went on, bitterly, replacing the letter in his pocket. "If I didn't care anything for her, I'd let the matter drop. I know well enough I'm innocent, for I'm not the sort of fellow that goes off and talks about folks behind their backs, and—but what in thunder has that girl heard? Some fellow has made up a lot of yarns about me and repeated them to her with the purpose of cutting my throat on the sly."

His brows contracted, and he set his teeth hard.

"I wish I knew who it was that told her—don't I, though? Wouldn't I just naturally wear him out—Confound the luck! It makes me tired for fellows to pretend to be friends and then try and cut one out of his girl by unfair means when his back is turned. I call that being double-faced. And, too,—"

He stopped suddenly, for the nasal, strident notes of a cornet were making Mill Seat hideous.

He sprang to his feet, giving vent to ejaculations of the "not loud but deep" variety.

The cornet player was struggling through "Sweet Marie" haltingly, in a minor key.

Leaping to the top of the rock, Bart peered in the direction whence came the sound. In the half-twilight of the forest he could just discern a gray trousers leg, half hidden by a poplar tree about a hundred yards away.

"It's that fool Harris, out here pract'ing," he said in disgust. Then he made a trumpet of his hands:

"Say!" he yelled, "stop that infernal screeching."

The music stopped abruptly. A pair of near-sighted eyes appeared from behind a poplar, a nervous, querulous voice answered:

"Hey! What is it? Did you say—"

Barton then had the pleasure of knowing that he had accosted his Mathematics Professor.

"Oh, I—er, that is,—in fact, you see, Fessor, I—I wanted you to know how much I am enjoying—that is,—er—you see—your charming—music!"

"Ah, thanks," Professor Davis seemed gratified, and immediately the music started afresh. This time it was "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye" with variations.

Barton fled.

11.

"Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O sea!

But, oh! for the presence of one sharp knife

To carve this tough steak for me!"

Having thus delivered himself, "Reddy" Jones, at the head of the table, assumed a tragic expression.

"Pat him on the head, somebody," said Tommy Carter, down at the other end; "very creditable for such a little boy."

"Pshaw! I can beat that!" said a little fellow with a big mouth and merry eyes. "Listen!"

"O, that my tongue could utter
My thoughts on that yaller butter!"

"It's up to you, Barty, to beat that," said Reddy, after the laugh had subsided.

"No, thank you. I believe I'd rather have a biscuit. Pass them down this way, please."

"Is that the eleventh, Bart me boy?"

"Only the tenth, I think," said somebody near Bart.

"O, let me alone; I played ball this afternoon, and you all didn't!" growled Bart. "I wish you fellows would let me eat my supper in peace."

"Whew! What's the matter with my 'old lady'?" laughed "Cotton-top" Smith, in mock dismay. Smith was Bart's room-mate.

"Nothing! Hush up, can't you?" replied Bart, politely.

"Look out of the window, Barty, and maybe you'll feel a little better," cried Tommy Carter.

Bart looked. Two figures were coming slowly down the elm-shaded street which led past Bart's boarding place. A slender, graceful girl in filmy green and a man—a small, undersized fellow—in a gray suit.

"Excuse me, fellows," and Bart left the table.

"Poor old chap, couldn't face the music—but I'm sure I don't blame him much," said Cotton-top.

"What was the matter? Was he sick?" asked Mr. Dallas, a brother of one of the students. He was a stranger, not posted along certain lines.

"Pretty sick at heart, I guess, Mr. Dallas," replied Reddy sagely. "He and his girl have had a fuss, and he saw her go past with another man. Her name? Miss Ellice Cartwright, a mighty attractive girl she is, too. I feel sorry for old Bart, for he is a fine fellow—Bill Suggs can't hold up a stump of a candle to him. Suggs? O, he's the one who has just passed with Miss Cartwright."

The boys left the table in groups, going off to stroll in the beautiful old campus, or loiter on the rustic benches under the leaf-laden elms.

But Bart went straight to his room in the dormitory.

He pulled a chair close to the window and leaned out, his elbows on the window-sill. The campus was alive with sound—over on the steps of the Law Building a crowd was singing "Old Oaken Bucket"—on a bench not far away a little knot of Freshmen were planning "how we'll treat the new men next year"—"Uncle Joe," the old colored janitor, was drawing water from the creaking old "college well," meanwhile giving advice to a crowd of amused Sophomores.

But Bart had eyes for none of these things; for on a walk not far away he had caught the flutter of a green dress. As the two figures came nearer, Bart saw that the girl's arms were laden with pink roses,—one was in her brown hair, but Bart had eyes only for the pink rose on the lapel of his rival's coat.

It had been a week—such a long week—since he had gotten Ellice's note, and in all that time he had been unable to find out who had given her information concerning him, or, in fact, even the information itself.

And every day she walked in the campus with Bill Suggs. He was giving her what the students called "a big rush," and Bart—poor Bart! felt as though he had come suddenly face to face with a blank wall.

He sat by the window and watched the stars come out, and saw the students leave the campus. Then, when he heard them come tramping down the corridors, he turned slowly from the window and lighted his lamp. Then he sat down by the table and opened his Logic book.

At that moment in came "Cotton-top." He was a short, thick-set youth with a mop of sandy hair,—hence his nick-name.

"Studying already!" he cried. "What is it,—Logic? I suppose you can get more out of it by holding the book upside down, can you? Maybe that's a process of 'inverted reasoning'—eh, old chap?"

"I'm tired—don't believe I'll study much to-night."

"Poor boy," said Smith, shaking his tousled head. "But, Barty, me boy, a thought occurred to me awhile ago—"

"Not really?" Bart was used to his room-mate's running fire of conversation, and paid little attention to it.

"Yes, really. It was this way—put down that book, I'll bet you'll be interested before I get through. I was coming back from down town just now, and I passed a crowd of fellows on a bench. Just before I got to them I heard somebody say:

"'But Miss Cartwright didn't used to look at Bill Suggs!'"

"Go on, go on—I'm listening," Bart was leaning forward, all interest now.

"Why, really, do you mean to say you want to hear any more? Oh, well, another fellow spoke up, and said, 'No, she didn't. But you see he won favor by telling a story on Bart Hunt.' That's exactly what he said."

"Was that all?"

"Yes; they changed the subject when I came up—wasn't it enough, though?"

"Well, I reckon. I also reckon I'll go over to Suggs' room now. Unless," he added scornfully, "he is still out walking with the lady in blue."

"Blue? Why, it was green, old chap! But then, of course, love is color-blind. Run along and see Billy, but I must stay at home and darn socks. I *wish* I had a darning-egg—a cake of soap will do, though!"

"It's about the only way you use soap," snapped Bart.

Yes, Mr. Suggs was at home, and was very glad to see Mr. Hunt. Would Mr. Hunt have a seat? He was all frigid politeness.

"O, break it off, Billy," said Bart, wearily seating himself on the bed.

"Just tell me what you told Miss Cartwright about me, and I'll go." The shaft struck home. Suggs flushed crimson, and half rose from his chair.

"You,—I—what!" he gasped

"You remember, I guess—what did you tell her I said about her?"

"It was the truth—it certainly was!"

"O, well, we'll see about that later, but now—"

"No, you think I'm a liar, you as good as said so, and I'm not!"

"O, Billy, for heaven's sake, go on and tell me."

"Well, I told her—it was true, too—one day you and I went to the postoffice together, and I asked you if you had ever made love to her—do you remember?"

"Yes, confound your impertinence—I remember thinking at the time that it was none of your business. Was that what it was about?"

"Well, that led up to it. What made her mad was this: When I asked if you'd ever made love to her, you said—these were your very words, 'No, but that doesn't mean there haven't been some very plain hints.' That's what I told her, and—well, I don't blame her for being mad."

Bart sat still; his face wore a puzzled expression.

"Certainly I said it," he said, knitting his brows, "but what I can't see is—why did it make her mad?"

"Why—why, indeed!" roared Suggs, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang. "Isn't it enough to make any girl mad, to hear that some fellow has said she hinted for him to make love to her?—it would make me mad if I were a girl, I'll be jumped if it wouldn't! I hated mighty bad to tell her, but I thought I ought to. And one thing certain—"

He stopped, his mouth wide open in amazement, for Bart had his head thrown back, and was roaring with laughter.

"Well; I fail to see the joke in it, myself," said the mystified Suggs. "I must be very obtuse—"

"That's just it," gasped Bart; "and I would be perfectly furious with you if it only wasn't so killingly funny!" He went off into another paroxysm of laughter.

Suggs could not find a word to say—he stood there with his mouth and eyes both wide open.

"The funny thing is, that you got my words exactly right, but you misinterpreted what I said. Certainly I said that hints had been given, but I meant that I had been giving them—not she! I wish to goodness she would help a fellow along a little when he goes to tell her something. You see, I'm just naturally bashful, and I can't get up enough courage to tell her right out that I love her, so I just hint around. Do you understand your mistake now—or would you like for me to explain in words of one syllable?"

Suggs' face was a study.

"Was—THAT—it?" he managed to say.

"Of course it was, you little idiot.—No, I don't want to fight,—you can put your coat on,—you're too little for a big man like me to tackle. Now, I guess you will keep out of my affairs hereafter, won't you?"

Suggs nodded miserably.

"And don't you think it's rather up to you to go up right away and explain to Miss Cartwright?"

"I—why—must I go to-night?"

"Certainly. I've been worried with this thing long enough."

"Yes, but—"

"Never mind 'but'—I guess you won't 'butt in' hereafter, will you? And you be sure you fix things up all right,—I'm afraid it might be a little unpleasant for you afterwards if you don't—and, by the way, ask her if she wouldn't like to go for a drive with me to-morrow afternoon if it's a good day? Promise me you'll do all that."

Suggs—cringing, penitent Suggs—promised.

"There's your hat, Billy," said Bart.

Editor's Uneasy Chair



THE Editor-in-Chief sat alone in his room, on a dreary afternoon in March, thinking. He was not indulging in this unusual occupation without due cause, for the calendar hanging on the opposite wall gave silent testimony that it was only three days until the Annual went to press.

He had just returned from a last visit to the Faculty Editor. A mass of material lay on the table, nearly all bearing the now familiar legend—"No good," varied occasionally by "Change" and "Re-write." How could the Faculty Editor have the heart to turn down all that material? The Editor was disposed to be rebellious, for in the lot were some of his own compositions, and like Dickens, he had a fondness for all of his "brain children."

But there was no help for it, and he resumed once more the seemingly unending job of assorting material. At last the end was reached, when—O, horrible thought—there must be an editorial! That item had entirely escaped him; it was the last straw.

The fifth volume of THE HOWLER was about to go to press. In many things it fell far short of that masterpiece planned by the editors at their first meeting, and yet it represented much time, conscientious endeavor, and great expectations on the part of the staff. But at last it was done; the Business Manager had quit adding up figures, the Art Editor no longer wore a puzzled expression, the Drag Editor stopped his endless search for quotations, and the Senior Editors ceased to eulogize. The Editor-in-Chief was left alone in his misery; even the Faculty Editor had deserted him.

Amid this gloomy trend of thoughts, one happy idea occurred; perhaps the public would take the considerate view that "quality rather than quantity" had been the aim of the editors. The students had given it their support, and although some of the historians had failed at the last moment, they might be forgiven. To those who had contributed stories, to the artists who had kindly lent their aid, and especially to the Faculty Editor, much of what was good in it was due; and if there was anything else worthy of mention, it might be attributed to the members of the staff.

The Editor arose, stretched himself, and put all the material away. He was on the verge of making more apologies, but perhaps the Annual would contain something worth being preserved, and after all, its readers were the ones to criticize. As the last bit of paper was put up, he could not help being a bit sad, feeling that his "*Adieu adieu vale*" to college life had been said.

Au Revoir



The book is completed,
And closed like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

—Longfellow.



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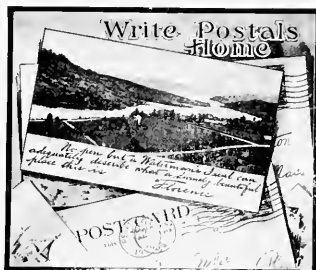


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